Liberty

JANUARY 27, 1940
10¢

LIBERTY

MYSTERY NOVEL

Reading Time: One Evening

LIBERTY

STORIES BY
C. S. FORESTER
FAITH BALDWIN

LIBERTY

ARTICLES BY
RAYMOND CLAPPER
PAUL GALLICO

LIBERTY

GAS WARFARE
U.S. IS READY

LIBERTY

NEW:
COLUMNS
FEATURES
CARTOONS

Casualty—1,000 miles from the enemy

ALMOST as fatal as a bullet or a shell is the breakdown in the spirit of a sailor or a soldier.

Our men have the finest spirit in the world. But it must be maintained in the American way.

They must not be made to feel that they are mere automatons, fighting machines, as the armed forces of the dictators have been made to feel.

Life in our navy and army is hard. Discipline is tough. It must be. But there also must be moments when the sailor or soldier is treated as Mr. Somebody-or-other.

That's where the USO comes in. For the USO is the banding together of six great agencies to serve one great purpose—to see that our boys in the camps and naval stations have a place to go, to turn to, a "home away from home."

The duties of the USO have more than doubled during the year. It must serve millions more men. Its field of operations has been enlarged to include many parts of the world.

To carry on its important work, the USO must raise $32,000,000. It needs your contribution. No matter how small you make that contribution, the USO needs it. And it needs it *now*.

You are beset by requests for help on all sides. By all means, try to meet those requests. But among them, don't neglect the USO.

Send your contribution to your local USO committee, or to USO, National Headquarters, Empire State Building, New York.

Give to the USO

THE KID IN UPPER 4

It is 3:42 a. m. on a troop train.
Men wrapped in blankets are breathing heavily.
Two in every lower berth. One in every upper.
This is no ordinary trip. It may be their last in the U.S.A. till the end of the war. Tomorrow they will be on the high seas.
One is wide awake . . . listening . . . staring into the blackness.
It is the kid in Upper 4.

☆ ☆ ☆

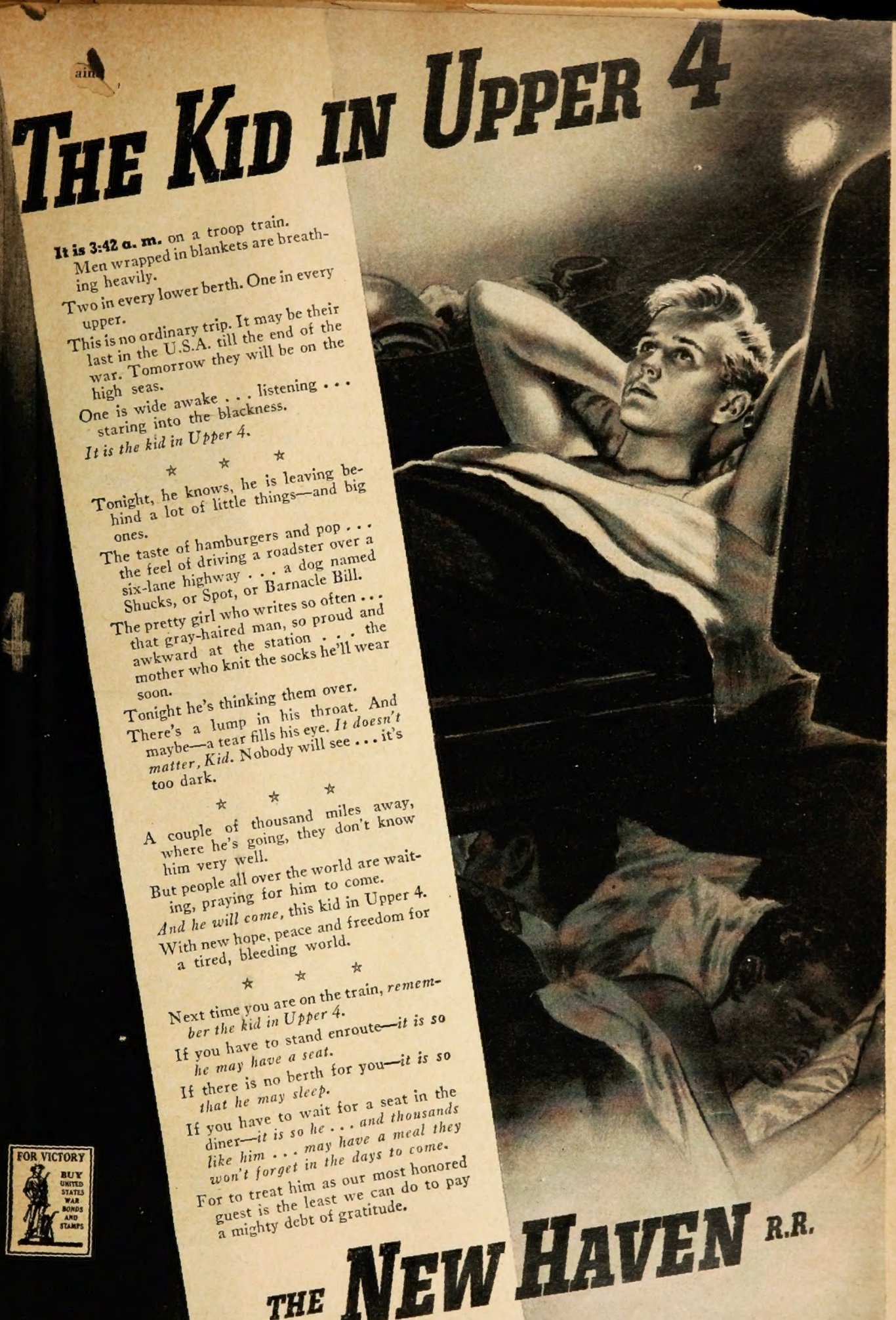
Tonight, he knows, he is leaving behind a lot of little things—and big ones.
The taste of hamburgers and pop . . . the feel of driving a roadster over a six-lane highway . . . a dog named Shucks, or Spot, or Barnacle Bill.
The pretty girl who writes so often . . . that gray-haired man, so proud and awkward at the station . . . the mother who knit the socks he'll wear soon.
Tonight he's thinking them over.
There's a lump in his throat. And maybe—a tear fills his eye. *It doesn't matter, Kid.* Nobody will see . . . it's too dark.

☆ ☆ ☆

A couple of thousand miles away, where he's going, they don't know him very well.
But people all over the world are waiting, praying for him to come.
And he will come, this kid in Upper 4.
With new hope, peace and freedom for a tired, bleeding world.

☆ ☆ ☆

Next time you are on the train, *remember the kid in Upper 4.*
If you have to stand enroute—*it is so he may have a seat.*
If there is no berth for you—*it is so that he may sleep.*
If you have to wait for a seat in the diner—*it is so he . . . and thousands like him . . . may have a meal they won't forget in the days to come.*
For to treat him as our most honored guest is the least we can do to pay a mighty debt of gratitude.



FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

THE NEW HAVEN R.R.

★ SERVING THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL STATES OF MASSACHUSETTS, RHODE ISLAND AND CONNECTICUT ★

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COVER BY ARTHUR SMITH

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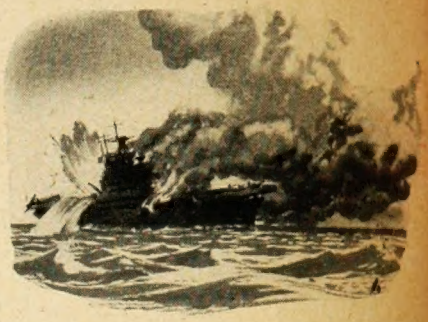
NEXT WEEK

JANUARY 9, 1943

WHEN THE WASP WENT DOWN

As we all know, it happened in the Solomons in September. Three Jap torpedoes set the carrier afire, flooded her hull, touched off her ammunition, yet



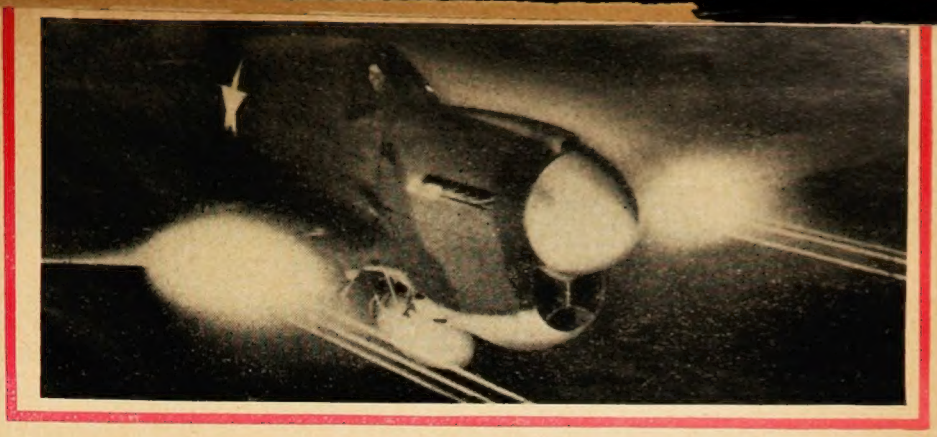
she kept afloat till night, and nine in ten of those on board were rescued. What we haven't known is just what it was like to be on board the Wasp, to be heroically at work for hours in a floating inferno, saving lives. All this is to be made known to us by LIEUTENANT DAVID SENFT. He was there and at work—as he would say, doing his job. His simple straightforward account of the whole thing is gripping and unforgettable.

DO YOU FIT YOUR JOB?

Maybe you're spending your life as an accountant when you're really the type that ought to be an executive. How can you tell? Well, a job psychologist could help you or, maybe, after you've read GRETTA PALMER'S articles on the work of the Human Engineering Laboratory, you'll be able to judge for yourself just what your special quirks and talents are. The sooner you get into the job that fits you, the happier you'll be and the more money you'll make. Here's a chance to test yourself and see whether you're on the right track.

HOW IS YOUR MEMORY WORKING?

"Is it true you are the illegitimate son of Buffalo Bill?" Who said that to whom during the past year? We've omitted a couple of clues because we don't want to spoil your fun when you come across that question, among thirty-nine others, in TED SHANE'S What Do You Remember About 1942? The questions cover a variety of subjects from important international events to the marital status of movie stars. You'll have a good time testing your memory—and you'll undoubtedly find out a great many things you didn't know.



Machine guns in action. A Curtiss plane's pilot is aided in correcting his aim by his tracer bullets.

ON THE BEAM

BY THE PILOT

In Reverse

Ever get knocked down by the recoil of a shotgun? The recoil of the six .50-caliber machine guns used in some of our fighter planes actually slows the ships down. By some estimates the kick is equivalent to turning the propeller around and pouring 750 horsepower into it to push the plane back.

That will provide you with a cue to why fighter planes occasionally will go into that corkscrew maneuver called a spin when its guns are fired at slow speed. The recoil robs the wings of flying speed and, as the pilots put it, gravity sets in.

Air Cargo

Can cargo airplanes replace surface vessels in this war?

Our cargo airplanes today can carry up to ten tons of cargo, and, because they can make many trips to every one trip of a surface vessel, simple arithmetic can build up a highly impressive case for the airplane.

But the optimists forget the enormous problems of fuel and personnel.

The Assistant Secretary of War for Air, Robert A. Lovett, recently put an effective end to speculation. The problem he propounded was moving 100,000 long tons of supplies a month from San Francisco to Australia, 6,500 nautical miles. Here's the line-up:

By sea: Surface vessels, 44. Crews, 3,200 (including gun crews). Fuel, 165,000 barrels. Tankers, none.

By air: Cargo planes (Consolidated 4-engined C-87 type), 10,022. Crews, 120,765 (flight crews only). Fuel, 8,996,614 barrels (for overseas requirements). Tankers, 85. That's nearly twice as many ships, 36 times as many men, and 54 times as much fuel as by sea—to say nothing of the 10,022 planes!

Mr. Lovett is no seaman. He is one of the nation's outstanding proponents of air power and doubtless wishes the problem had the reverse result.

But the bald truth is that the airplane is helpless without fuel, and if fuel is not available "at the other end of the line" this fuel must be shipped by sea.

In essence, here is the picture of the cargo airplane in the war: It is providing an essential, magnificent, and vital air express service, but it is not a cure-all for transporting war supplies. It is an *express* service, not a *freight* service.

On the other hand, don't underestimate the cargo airplane. At one stage of Rommel's drive into Egypt the Allies were desperately short of ammunition. The Air Transport Command delivered 25,000 pounds from the United States to Egypt in five days. That is the type of invaluable job the airplane is doing today in every part of the world.

After the war the plane-vs.-steamship debate will not leave the airplane at such a disadvantage. Fuel will not be the problem it is today.

Decline in Gliders

Officials have changed their minds about the role of gliders in the war. The glider simply isn't as important as many thought.

Reasons for the letdown are numerous. Political pressure inspired by the German landings at Crete has eased off; aerodynamics of large gliders haven't worked out too well; unit costs are higher than was originally estimated; materials are short and suitable towplanes are not available. In short, the glider was overplayed. Those gliders already built, however, will doubtless get a workout.

Even commercially the initial optimism over "glider freight trains" has faded. The idea sounded fine; it even read well on paper. But hard reality blasted hopes for economical operation of glider trains. The glider may yet be returned to its original spot in aviation: as the most thrilling and stimulating sport in the world.

Trapped Bubbles

American ingenuity has solved another one—what to use in place of kapok, the buoyant stuff that used to keep navy flyers afloat when they had to come down in the drink. Kapok comes from Java. The Japs don't want to ship us any for navy life jackets.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., who make cellophane and nylon, offer "Bubblfil" to replace it. Bubblfil is a gob of cellophane bubbles, each containing trapped air. Used in a life jacket, less than three pounds of Bubblfil will keep a heavy man's shoulders out of water.

And as a postscript to the Sons of Heaven: Bubblfil stays buoyant a lot longer than kapok.

Odds and Ends

Do you know that the world is now actually smaller, measured in travel time, than were the thirteen original states? Or that you can count on air-line passenger fares sliding downward from the present five-cents-a-mile average very shortly? . . . That Canada produced less than 100 airplanes in 1939 but will have produced 4,800 in 1942?

Do you know that Mrs. Geneva Hansen of the Consolidated Aircraft Corp., wife of a welder, was the first woman to pass the army and navy tests qualifying her on all types of welding? Or that 45 per cent of the employees of one aircraft company are women? Or that if three bombers took off from Nazi-held North Cape in Norway they would reach Washington, D. C., Des Moines, Iowa, and Seattle, Washington, at practically the same moment?

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

PARLOR SMOOCHING

DULUTH, MINN.—The practice of smooching (or petting or spooning, depending on which generation you grew up in) seems to me to be something that should be definitely encouraged in wartime—particularly if indulged in in the parlor.

Consider these advantages: It keeps folks at home, thereby helping to conserve gas and tires. Illumination is usually at a minimum, thereby saving

electricity and aiding dimout or blackout restrictions. It even probably contributes to fuel conservation, since a 65° temperature is usually adequate under such circumstances. I believe that propaganda devoted toward this end would be beneficial.

Do other readers agree with me?—*Edward G. Dolan.*

THANKS, ADMIRAL BYRD

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I want to send you my most enthusiastic congratulations for that wonderful article Air Power Is Not Enough! (November 14 Liberty.) It is the best thing I have ever seen and will be of tremendous value in nullifying the harm done by a lot of wild propaganda that has been going on about aviation.

I have devoted all my life to aviation and I am in aviation in this war, but we will never win it unless we are realistic and keep our feet firmly planted on the ground.

Keep up the good work.—*Richard E. Byrd, Rear Admiral, U. S. N. (Rtd.).*

NO BATTLEFIELD INSIGNIA

NASHVILLE, TENN.—In the illustration for Orchids from Bataan (November 21 Liberty) you show a captain on the battlefield who is wearing his bars.

All officers, both commissioned and noncommissioned, remove their insignia of rank before going into battle. This is done largely to protect them from enemy snipers, who would like to kill all the commanding officers and leave the troops without leadership. Officers are not saluted on the battlefield, either.—*a/c John Joplin.*

MORE SCRAPPY TALK

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Under the title Scrappy Talk (November 28 Vox Pop) a suggestion is made on the means of accumulating "excess" metal. As a statistician I estimate there are over two million brass light switches on the walls of homes and offices that could be immediately replaced with bakelite for 25 cents apiece. Each will make one or more rifle shell cases with very little additional alloy. I am looking at five from where I write. How many can you count in your offices? The boys at Guadalcanal could use these two million rounds immediately.—*Just a Leatherneck.*

HAGERSTOWN, MD.—Patriot's idea of cleaning out old files is surely a good one, but *don't* turn the cabinets over for scrap until they have been offered for sale through office supply companies. Many concerns may really be in need of good workable cabinets to replace antiquated ones or to take care of necessary current correspondence due to recent expansions and defense contracts.

Here's an idea: How about every one digging out and contributing all their extra scissors?—*Another Scrapper.*

AH, BEAUTIFUL TEXAS!

SHEPPARD FIELD, TEX.—Texan (November 28 Vox Pop) is like all the rest of the native sons here. I should know. I've been here almost a year, and have yet to see one of the Lone Star Staters give a service man a break.

Ah, Texas, beautiful Texas! The only place in the world where you can stand shoulder-deep in mud and still get sand and dust blown into your eyes!—*Soldier Lad.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—The statement in You and the Draft Board (November 21 Liberty), "A skilled airplane mechanic in a manufacturing plant at $80 a week may be twice as valuable to his country at $80 a month servicing American bombers in Britain," seems innocuous enough. It is harmless, ap-

parently, but actually this sort of publicity is doing harm to the aircraft industry.

The new women workers, conscientious and patriotic though they are, will require long periods of training before they will be able to do their jobs as well as the men they are replacing. The same applies to the untrained men workers. If a few experienced men are not kept around to tell them one end of a monkey wrench from the other, aircraft production is going to slump even more than it has slumped already.

If this kind of thing goes on, there will soon be no planes coming off the assembly lines for the "skilled mechanic" to service. Planes have to be made before they can be repaired.—*Glenn J. Farrell.*

EASY PICK-UP, EH?

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I am a good-looking redhead. Coming out of the show one Sunday afternoon, two lonely soldiers were standing on a corner. As I passed, one of them whistled and I smiled. Re-

sult? A conversation. And I invited them home with me for supper.

One of them said, "An easy pick-up, Ed."

Did I get mad! Two smarties will remember getting their faces smacked.

So that is how much some of them think of you when you try to do something to help pass the hours for them! —*Dorothy Gamache.*

BACK TO THE LONGBOW!

NEW LONDON, CONN.—Westchester County in New York has set a fine example of sportsmanship, with hunters using longbows instead of rifles for shooting game. It ought to be made a law, I think, for it gives the animals a hundred-to-one sporting chance and develops skill and strength in the hunter.—*Reformed Deerslayer.*

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KICK THAT BLOC!

Blocs, lobbies, and pressure groups are your business. A famous columnist and commentator tells why

BY

RAYMOND CLAPPER

Government silver. Full use of it in war production is now obstructed by the bloc that forced the government to buy it.

IF you really want to study the question of lobbies, blocs, and pressure groups, you can start as far back as you wish. Pressure groups have existed throughout world history, regardless of the form of government. As self-government developed they became more powerful because they had the ballot as an additional weapon.

Theodore Roosevelt battled with the meat packers' lobby. Woodrow Wilson fought what he called "the invisible government." If you know what questions are coming up before Congress in the future, you can sit down now and write your history of the lobbies that are to be, leaving spaces blank for the names of the lobbyists.

So long as the right to petition the government exists, lobbyists and lobbying will exist. A lobbyist is a person who approaches members of a legislature to influence their votes. But that is playing with words. You have at one extreme the mother who writes to her congressman protesting against the teen-age draft. At the other you have the big, highly financed economy league, or whatever it may be called, that hires the best lawyers and suites in the best hotels to influence the drafting of a tax bill.

So when some one tells you that you shouldn't become concerned about lobbying, that we have always had it and always will, disregard him and apply your attention to whatever it is that he is trying to get and whether you think that is in the best national interest, and sometimes you will find it is not.

Senators, representatives, and government officials of all kinds will forever be subject to pressure of many groups. So long as the public servants are able to discriminate, not by the amount of pressure but by the merit of the case, we can expect fair and balanced legislation. That requires courage and intelligence. No machinery, no form of control over lobbyists that is compatible with the right of petition, can be devised as a substitute for the courage and intelligence of public servants. We must always fall back on that.

WE have three broad kinds of pressure groups at Washington. First, there are the lobbyists, working through groups like the American Farm Bureau Federation, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, the American Federation of Labor, and the C. I. O. All such groups have many other functions besides influencing legislation and executive action. It is their lobbying activities that bring them into this picture.

Second, we have the "influence boys" or "influence brokers." These are individuals, often lawyers and former officials, who get contracts fixed up, get something knocked out of a bill, see the right official to get what is wanted. Usually each works as a lone wolf for his individual clients. Thomas Corcoran is the current type of that kind of activity. He is now in what is known in Washington as "private practice."

Third, we have the blocs in Congress itself, like the cotton bloc of Southern senators who tried unsuccessfully to bulldoze William Jeffers, rubber administrator, out of using rayon instead of cotton for military tires. They hauled him before an open committee meeting and went after him with a meat ax. That was so unusual that it was front-page news all over the country.

Group lobby organizations often are improvised for a special drive. Some months ago a drive against the forty-hour week started in the Southwest. It threw full-page advertisements into Washington newspapers, sent bales of telegrams to Congress, worked by long-distance telephone calls, and put on a buttonholing campaign. This drive concentrated also behind the bill of Senator Connally of Texas for government operation of all plants where strikes were called. That measure gained so much momentum that President Roosevelt called Senator Connally to the White House and asked him to withdraw his measure from scheduled consideration in the Senate until the Executive could act. This pressure generated counter-pressure from the labor organiza-

lions as they threw their weight on the White House itself.

In the attempt to tighten the ceiling over farm prices, the opposition was led by the farm organizations, especially the American Farm Bureau Federation.

The American Farm Bureau Federation became prominent a decade or more ago in the fight over government operation of the Muscle Shoals power development on the Tennessee River in Alabama, a project left over from the last war. A Senate investigation linked the Federation in common cause with the electric-power lobby which was trying to defeat public power development, a fight that continued well into the Roosevelt administration. Various Senate investigations produced accusations that the Federation at times made common cause with other pressure groups, such as the steamship owners, lumber men, cement manufacturers, copper and brass manufacturers, and the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce. In the recent anti-inflation fight there were some indications that representatives of the United States Chamber of Commerce were playing sympathetically with the farm groups in a common front against the labor groups. Thus you have coalitions among pressure groups when their interests coincide.

For a short time recently we seemed to be on the point of another big drive for prohibition. Ghosts of the old prohibition groups came to life to support Josh Lee of Oklahoma in his effort to pin a prohibition rider on the teen-age draft measure. Both drys' organizations and the liquor interests [illegible] ly into furious action. But the Senate sent Senator Lee's proposal back to committee. Then Lee himself was defeated for re-election, and the prohibition issue became less attractive as a political issue.

Time and again during my years in Washington, House and Senate committees have investigated lobby operations. Several of these investigations, like those of the Caraway and Black committees, produced sensational disclosures. Always they drove the lobbyists to cover for a short time, put senators and representatives on the alert against being caught in correspondence or deals with lobby groups.

But after the excitement subsides the lobbyists go back to work, successors appear, and the same game continues. Publicity is the best deterrent to excesses. But its effect is short-lived and the treatment must be repeated at frequent intervals.

Pickings are never so lush for lobbyists as when Congress undertakes a revision of the tariff. One advantage of the reciprocal trade agreements negotiated by Secretary Hull is that they remove the details of tariff making to some extent from the reach of pressure groups, although some of the pressure continues by shifting operations from Congress to the executive branch.

The last general tariff bill, put through in the Hoover administration, provided a lobbyists' carnival. Joseph R. Grundy of Pennsylvania,

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KNOW YOUR GOVERNMENT

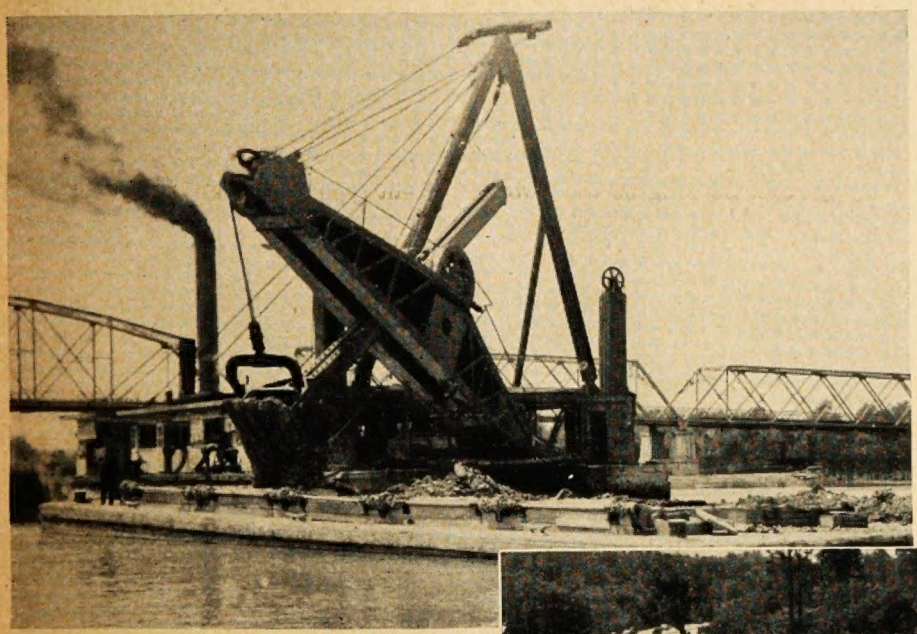
1

"The ballot," wrote Ernest K. Lindley in November 14 Liberty, "as the basic tool of our democracy, is the symbol and substance of what we are fighting for. But it is an empty form unless exercised. Too many Americans take for granted this right for which men are dying.

"But the citizen's duties do not stop at the polls. Elected officeholders do not look back to the last election; they look forward to the next one. They respond to what you think and say.

"This places a high responsibility on you as a citizen."

Believing with Mr. Lindley that the hope of democracy lies in an informed people—and in the desire of the people to *be* informed—the editors announce Liberty's KNOW YOUR GOVERNMENT series. The first of these articles, by the veteran Washington observer Raymond Clapper, appears here. In subsequent issues, eminent journalists, legislators, and historians will take your government apart and tell you how it works—and what is *your* part in it.



Projects like this one are the concern of the rivers and harbors lobbyists in Washington.

There are good-roads lobbies. Among any such lobbyists, some are undeniably disinterested.

GAS WARFARE?

THE U. S. IS READY

Why haven't our enemies used gas? Because they know we could retaliate with a chemical attack far more terrible than theirs.

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

WE don't like to think of a day when mother, bundling Bobby and Jane off to school, says, "And remember, children, if you hear the air-raid siren, drop your books and put your masks on quickly." Yet it may not be so long before a gas mask, slung from the shoulder, becomes as common a part of our attire as an overcoat. Lethal gas may soon begin to flow.

Naturally, we don't believe it will happen. Major General William N. Porter, chief of our Chemical Warfare Service, said in a broadcast to the nation:

". . . Under conditions as they exist at present or as are probable within a reasonable time, I do not expect that gas will be used by our enemies anywhere in the continental United States. Should enemy airplanes, by some difficult and devious method, be flown over our coasts, it is to be expected that, since their loads are necessarily limited, high-explosive bombs will be the weapons they will carry. If enemy carriers are to be risked for raiding attacks, their primary purpose will be to destroy military objectives, and for this purpose high explosives are far more efficient than gas."

Still, we have learned not to be complacent. The surest way of discouraging such an attack is to be prepared for it. Therefore the manufacture of gas masks for civilians continues at top speed.

We understand, too, the importance of being prepared with a counter-weapon. American arsenals have been working twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, to store up enormous reserves of war gases. Today we are ready with them. If the Axis attempts chemical warfare, we can strike back with devastating power. Hitler knows it. And there is little doubt that our ability to retaliate in kind is one of the factors that are deterring him from turning on the gas.

Wherever government arsenals are manufacturing liquids and crystals which can impregnate enemy air with poison, production is exceeding all records. President Roosevelt was aware of this when he and Winston Churchill warned the Japs that if they continued to use gas in China, their troops would be attacked in a similar way. The Japs, too, must have been aware of our chemical strength. After employing gas in almost a thousand known cases, they abruptly abandoned its use.

Recently General Porter told a meeting of the American Chemical Society: "Whether or not gas warfare will be used depends solely on whether Hitler's generals feel that the advantages to them would surely outweigh any disadvantages. . . . Should he [Hitler] believe that one gigantic, overwhelming stroke with gas would win the war for him, I am convinced that he would use it without question. . . . Mussolini, besieged by the sanctions of fifty-two nations, did not hesitate to use mustard gas on the unprotected Ethiopians to bring a sudden end to the first Abyssinian campaign. We have the testimony of Haile Selassie himself that mustard gas was the final blow which lost his war. You can be certain that neither Hitler nor Mussolini has forgotten this."

But neither have we!

It is natural to ask why, if we are so well prepared with gas, we must wait for the Axis to take the initiative. Is Hitler alone to dictate the methods by which this war is to be fought? If we are in possession of equipment which may end the war quicker, why don't we use it?

THE answer lies in part with our feelings toward gas—feelings shared by people throughout the world. We're afraid of it. We fear it with the same instinctive terror that children have for the dark. We can't push it back. We can't run away from it. In some cases we can't even see it. Lock yourself in a room, and it seeps in after you under the door, through the keyhole. Cover your face with a mask, and vesicants may still torture your skin. In the thought of choking on gas there is a horror that makes being struck by a bullet seem almost clean, pleasant, and painless by comparison.

And yet, army officers point out, this fear grows out of emotion rather than reality. The use of gas, they maintain, has proved far more humane than the use of bullets. In the last war actual fatalities among victims of gas were less than 2 per cent. And only thirty-eight men of those who were gas casualties were per-

were able to resume civilian pursuits in perfect health after the war. Surely bullets, shrapnel, shells, torpedoes, and bombs were never as merciful as that. These statistics are given not as an argument for chemical warfare but to quiet a public fear which has little basis in fact.

We are prone to regard gas warfare as a development peculiar to our own century—a hideous accident in scientific progress. That isn't true. Gas saw its first recorded use some 2,370 years ago. Back in 431 B. C. the Spartans tried to smoke the people of Plataea and Delium out of their cities by throwing burning pitch and sulphur over the city walls. Even during our own Civil War, wood saturated with sulphur was burned at the parapets of Charleston, South Carolina, on the chance that the wind-blown fumes would scatter the defenders.

Of course, a gas war today would bear no comparison with such crude experiments; nor, for that matter, even with the methods employed in World War I. It isn't that the gases themselves have been drastically changed in the past twenty-five years. Phosgene, mustard, lewisite, chloropicrin—we still have them all. And, despite the scarehead rumors that have so often shaken us, there are no new annihilating fumes that can wipe out whole nations. These are still in the same realm of imagthe moon.

It's our means of *distributing* gas that have been improved. In this we have thrown off old limitations. We can now shoot gas at our enemies in projectiles fired by mortars and artillery. We can let them have it in aerial bombs, land mines, hand grenades, rifle grenades. We can spray it from tanks in low-flying planes.

The catch, of course, is that our enemy can do the same thing to us.

How Hitler may feel about it we can only guess. We may be pretty sure that he doesn't like the prospect of reprisals—certainly his people don't. On the other hand, we can be equally sure that he is not being checked by humanitarian motives. There is a *military* reason for the absence of gas in Europe today.

Until he crashed into the Russian wall, Hitler relied on pace. He sent his motorized divisions ahead at the greatest possible speed. In that type of attack there is little room for gas. If you cover the terrain ahead with mustard, your own troops will plunge into it in five minutes. Your own men will choke and burn in its fumes.

Everywhere—in Poland, France, the Netherlands, Czechoslovakia—it had been the same. Hitler could not

Gas can now be sprayed from low-flying planes, like this. Taken by surprise, the victims clutch at their gas masks.

sions to breathe. But if ever this war bogs down into trench fighting, if it reaches a deadlock where the poisoning and disintegration of the enemy are more important than an immediate advance—then watch for Hitler to release his gas! The only thing that may still restrain him in such a crisis is the knowledge that we are able to overwhelm him with a chemical attack far more terrible than his own.

THE production of vast quantities of gases is, of course, only one aspect of preparation for chemical warfare. In every type of war there is always a race between offense and defense—guns against armor, fire power against vulnerability. In chemical warfare it is the race between the power of chemical agents and the resistance of protective devices.

Gas masks and airtight clothing are still our most important items of defensive equipment. The Chemical Warfare Service has been charged with the duty of developing them and supervising their manufacture. In the first World War the Service produced 5,400,000 masks and its achievement was considered excellent. But this time such a figure will not even approach our needs. With a contemplated army of 7,500,000, every man of which must be

(*Continued on page 26*)

OFFICIAL U. S. ARMY PHOTO

HOW ABOUT SPORTS?

Hold on to your seats as a veteran sports writer takes you on an amazing whirl through the sports world of 1963

BY PAUL GALLICO

"A year from now a youngster won't want to be found with a racket in his hand if his brother is driving a tank."

FOR the past quarter century sports have provided a national safety valve, grown into a multimillion-dollar industry, and become a vital part of our daily life. The names of sports heroes became bywords in every home. There were times when a prizefighter was paid a million dollars for a night's work, when in one year five and a half million dollars' worth of golf balls were sold, when more youngsters desired to emulate Babe Ruth than to become President.

Pearl Harbor closed that book. Where do we go from here?

Permit an ancient ex-sports reporter of the golden age of Ruth, Dempsey, Tilden, Grange, and Bob Jones to hobble to the attic, drag out his moth-eaten prophet's robe and battered wizard's cap, dust off the well thumbed crystal ball and take a gander at 1963.

I see . . . I see . . . That's strange! There's a baseball game, but it is being played by amateurs; there are only a few hundred spectators.

Wait! There's a big crowd. They are watching a football game. But it isn't a kind of football I ever saw before. There are thirteen men on a side and anything goes. What's this? A prize fight at the Polo Grounds? It *looks* like the old set-up—the ring, the lights. But the two men aren't wearing gloves and there's no referee. . . . The devil! I didn't even see it happen! They're carrying one of them out. He seems to have a broken leg.

Queer, but I don't seem to see any golf courses.

Hello, that seems to be the national tennis championships, but there are no reporters. And what's that curious event being run off at that college track meet? Men scaling fences, crawling under wire, jumping ditches, running with packs on their backs. . . .

As I peer and marvel, I can already hear the cries of anguish and wrath from devotees of those sports as they read these lines. For each one believes that *his* sport is the one that will always be the same. Yet change they will, all of them, some more, some less. A few may vanish completely.

Sport is a luxury. Fine athletes are produced by years of patient coaching and practice. This takes money and leisure. A nation that fights through a long draining war hasn't the time, the money, or the leisure for such a luxury. Practice and coaching diminish, skills decline.

This nation is going to become

"Track and field are doomed until long after peace. Some sort of Commando race will be a feature of athletic meets."

either the toughest military proposition in the history of the world, or else. And when nations get tough their sports and games get tough along with them. Nerves conditioned to strife and bloodshed demand stronger stuff to stimulate them.

Body - contact sports — football, boxing, and wrestling — will get rougher, more brutal, more exciting. Skill games, like baseball, track, tennis, and golf, will deteriorate, with the last two possibly even vanishing from the scene temporarily.

For fifty years baseball has been even more than the great national American sport. It has verged on a kind of personal religion.

The chronic baseball fan selects a team whose characteristics please him and whose qualities he identifies with some of his own, and links his ego with them. In some manner what psychologists call a transference takes place. The players on the field come to express the personality of the man in the stands.

But as the war progresses the object of the fans' hero worship may well be shifted from the lads in the monkey suits to the heroes in the bombers and pursuit ships, tanks and combat units.

Already some of the gloss is off the ballplayer. Fans have been heard to bawl at some young strong player who miscued, "Hey, why ain't you in uniform?" The fact that the bawler may himself be army material makes no difference. Nothing changes so quickly as styles in heroes.

Besides the loss of spectator identification—another psychological term — baseball is losing young player material and the machinery to develop it. Should the war last five years there will be no baseball at all. Already there is talk of abandoning major-league schedules next year. It will take many years to bring it back.

I believe that after the war, for a time at least, baseball will become a secondary sport, played by amateurs for the fun of it.

Its place as a spectator sport will, I believe, be taken by football. Twenty years from now football may well be our great gladiatorial game, a rough, tough, dangerous, bruising, semi-military sport, founded in principle on the football of today but hardly recognizable due to changes in rules, techniques, and general spirit of play.

It will be played almost wholly by professionals, with university teams constituting a kind of Class A minor league. Other leagues will branch on down from there, much like the baseball organization.

Football is and always was a war game. With its emphasis on physical condition, speed, fearlessness, disdain for physical pain and punishment, quick wits, elementary strategy, and, above all, teamwork, it is a natural nursery for soldiers.

The game has already sent its share of ready-to-fight men into the air forces. It has been made a part of the toughening-up process for navy flyers. Men with football experience are recognized as fighting types and yield superior officer material. If wars in the past were won on the playing fields of Eton, this one may well owe its decision to the gridirons of America. During a period of unprecedented ease and many a youngster hard

A football enthusiast of the next ten years who never saw another game until 1963 might well fail then to recognize it as the same sport, so much will it have changed. There will be less beefing and whistle blowing, less inclination to stand on technicalities and to penalize aggressive action.

Offense, offense, and nothing but offense will be stressed. The new spirit of the game will read, "To hell with the other guy! Get that ball!" Niceties of interpretation on use of hands, clipping, holding, men in motion, eligibility to receive forward passes, will go by the board.

The football season will be extended to six months of spring and fall. Some coach will try adding another man to the team to aid the offensive smash. Others will follow. Twenty-five years from now we may see football played by twelve or thirteen men on a side to throw more weight and power into the attack. Roaring crowds of a hundred thousand will attend the games which for thrill and fury will rival the gladiatorial combats of ancient Rome.

Boxing will probably change more than any other sport in the next quarter century.

Boxing is purely and simply a thriller. What you hear about sweet science and the art of self-defense is just so much warm wind. The great majority come to see a man knocked fog-eyed. But, with rare exceptions, modern prize fights are pretty tame. Large and powerful parties have been known to strive

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Boxing as we know it and, at right, a prize fight in 1963 as it looks to Paul Gallico in that crystal ball of his.

A LITTLE BIT OF GREEN

He saw her toss a flowerpot at another fellow—
and so began a lively three-cornered love affair

BY FAITH BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BRYSON

LAST spring, while waiting for the commission his family thought proper and fitting for one of his attainments and charm, young Mr. George Temple Kinsted suffered a light sea change. Ordinarily gregarious, he took to lurking alone in his costly lair. Old pals battered vainly on his door, glamorous maidens, willing to be weak, set his telephone (unlisted) to shrilling. But Mr. Kinsted's invariable reply was, "Go away and leave me alone." He said it pleasantly; he could—and often did—say it in six intelligible languages. But in any man's tongue he meant it.

In short, he was bored.

The uncertain tempo of the times afflicted him. He was used to his own if undisciplined routine. His draft number was not up. The answer to that was a commission, pronto. The Kinsteds knew a lot of admirals and generals and such. The advice of his family and friends was, therefore, sit tight, carry on, and you'll be a major or something.

A fine state of affairs.

Mr. Kinsted, called Temp by friends, acquaintances, and columnists, was a large young man. His features were adequate, his talents average. He had the sort of wit which has been polished for years by rubbing briskly between two gold pieces. He had been educated in a lot of schools and countries and by numerous young women. He was the last male of his line, heir to an astonishing amount of money, accruing for the most part from enormous slices of Manhattan real estate. He became engaged a time or two, but it didn't take. Latterly he had become wary. And now, in the early spring, he was out of love and bored.

His mother and sisters lived out of town from early spring until late autumn, when they returned to New York and inhabited a large fantastic house. Not Temp. Temp had a small enchanting penthouse with terraces on top of a large midtown hotel owned by the Kinsted Estates, and a remarkable man of all work called, simply, Mortimer. It was here in the penthouse that he languished, tired of it all, untempted by the telephoned plaints of his mama, the importunities of old college mates on leave, and lovely girls. He ceased to pub-crawl, he eschewed table hopping. The columnists grew gray with curiosity, and Mr. Billingsley sent Temp a case of Lanson '20 and hoped that, on a sea of bubbles, he would shortly be washed back upon the Billingsley doorstep.

The penthouse contained a small complete kitchen in which Mortimer worked culinary miracles when Temp was home. So on this soft spring evening Temp, about to dine in lonely grandeur upon a cunning contraption of Mortimer's contrivance, strolled out on the lower terrace with a cocktail glass in his hand and fatigue in his heart.

STANDING idly at the edge of the terrace, he stared this way and that and wondered glumly why he had been born. He thought of his daily toil and sighed. It was a family tradition that male Kinsteds learned to manage the estate, in the estate offices. The estate owned apartment houses, shops, hotels, taverns, theaters. The offices hummed with figures and some of them were very good, notably that of Temp's secretary, Miss Deepford, who had no use for him whatever. Miss Deepford was, in the main, the cause of his current melancholy, as recently, under pressure, she had announced this startling and incredible fact.

Temp glared into the inoffensive evening. His attention was momentarily caught by the rooftops below him. There were little gardens, bravely blooming, latticework, or blank walls painted to simulate garden gates. Some were on top of tallish buildings, some were apartment-house terrace setbacks, some were on the roofs of humbler dwellings.

Upon one such roof a person moved briskly, and even at that distance Temp could see that the person was feminine, tall, and excellently put together. In her hand she carried a small watering pot with which she deluged the meager plants flourishing in wooden boxes. Temp watched her idly. He liked the way she walked. She was a tiny figure against an unlikely backdrop and he felt as if he were looking at her from the wrong end of opera glasses.

After a time, as he watched, she was joined suddenly by another figure, taller, uncurved, indubitably male. This gentleman appeared to erupt from a door upon the roof. Temp's interest quickened. He watched them in what was apparently an earnest conversation He saw the newcomer reach out his arms and the lady with the watering can retreat. He saw her set down the can and a moment later fling a flowerpot at her suitor.

Temp whistled. "Atta baby," he muttered to himself.

With the ease of one accustomed to such *contretemps* the rejected suitor ducked and the flowerpot crashed upon the roof. Presently a door opened and shut and the lady was alone. She picked up her watering can and attended to her business.

The evening darkened and Temp could no longer see her. He yawned. For half an hour or more he had had something new with which to occupy himself. He went indoors to eat his solitary dinner and think his gloomy thoughts. Mortimer came at intervals to call him to the telephone. Temp shook his head. He was, he said, not at home.

In the morning, on his way to work . . . he always walked over to the Estates' Fifth Avenue offices about ten thirty . . . he stopped at his mother's town house and picked up a very fine pair of binoculars. These he laid upon his desk in his elaborate office with anticipation. Miss Deepford, coming in to take his dictation—but not seriously—viewed them with fine brown eyes. "Duck-hunting?" she inquired. "Sight-seeing or just keyhole?"

It annoyed her that she liked him a little too much. He was utterly worthless, his reputation was not of the best, and she was no Red Riding-

(*Continued on page 49*)

"No woman," he lectured, "should between a man and his career." slung a flowerpot and he forgot to

A bachelor friend spotted a sumptuous blonde at an air-raid wardens' meeting.

THE REVOLUTION COMES TO OUR HOUSE

IF any one had asked Madge and me a year ago what kind of Americans we were, we doubtless would have bristled a bit and replied that we were as good as any. We were honest and hard-working, weren't we? We didn't grumble about higher taxes, did we? We took care of our children and were loyal to our friends and minded our own business—that was the American way, wasn't it?

That's what we'd have said twelve months ago. It has taken us a full year—the most fateful year, perhaps, in American history—to realize that our prewar conception of the American way wasn't good enough.

The fact is that up to fairly recently most young married couples like ourselves were not very good Americans. Money hadn't spoiled us—the depression took care of that. But that same depression, which made the going so hard for us when we married early in the dismal decade of the '30s, also left us a little wary and a little tough. We'd had to fight for everything we got, with little time to worry about other people. As a result, we weren't exactly antisocial, but we were highly individualistic. We were, to use a big phrase, social isolationists.

There was no conscious snobbery in our attitude. I had performed too many menial jobs getting through college. Madge had worked too long in a dress shop for us to consider ourselves socially superior. It was something worse than snobbery—indifference. We were willing to grant our neighbor equality any time, but we weren't particularly interested in our neighbor.

In the middle of 1941 the pattern of our lives was being repeated in countless homes all over the nation: a job that provided a reasonable living; a tight little circle of friends who liked exactly the same diversions we did; a rather smug satisfaction with things as they were.

It took a world war to break that pattern down.

The first crack in our neatly enameled shell of complacency was so small that we hardly noticed it. It came one day, long before Pearl Harbor, when Madge announced casually that she had been asked to join a Red Cross first-aid class. It was to be held at Mrs. Morgan's house, she said, as part of the defense program. What did I think of the idea?

Up to this point our particular little group in the small town in which we lived had regarded the civil defense program with a tolerant if slightly skeptical eye. It was a praiseworthy effort, we told one another, but somewhat mismanaged and just a trifle ridiculous. It never seemed to occur to any of us that possibly we ought to try to make it less ridiculous. A first-aid course, however, sounded more promising.

"Go ahead," I mumbled over the top of the newspaper. "Might be useful if we ever had an emergency here at home."

So she went.

"Is it any fun?" I asked her after the second meeting.

"Fun?" She looked surprised and a little thoughtful. "Well, yes, I guess it is. In a way."

"Who was there?" I persisted.

"Everybody," Madge said a bit shortly.

"Everybody?"

"Yes, everybody. Not just our particular friends. Everybody. The postmistress and the druggist's wife and Mrs. Miller from the bakery. She was my partner in artificial respiration. I got to know her rather well."

"Heavens," I said, contemplating a vivid mental picture of my wife's lungs being compressed by the massive Mrs. Miller, "I should think so!"

But Madge wasn't listening. "Tell me something," she burst out restlessly. "Why do people like ourselves always wait for the Mrs. Morgans to start these things? Why do we take it for granted that other people should run the Community Chest and the Health Center and the Christmas Baskets and the Visiting Nurses?"

"We contribute to all those things," I said placidly.

"We contribute nothing but money," Madge said. "What about time and interest and service? Why aren't we generous with them? We're too busy investing those things in ourselves and our own

We started out trying to help the war effort—but the war effort has helped us a lot more

BY STUART KINZIE

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

amusement, that's why. We have no civic pride worth mentioning, no community spirit, nothing! And our friends are just as bad."

"Well," I said uneasily, "what do you think I should do about it? Just because you've suddenly got your Red Cross class . . ."

"If you really want to do something," Madge said, "you can get started right away. Mrs. Miller was wishing she knew of some one to take her husband's place as an airplane spotter next Sunday. He has a bad cold, and his trick is from four to six in the morning."

"In the morning!" I echoed, aghast.

"That's right," Madge said. "Just think it over, will you?"

IT was cold on Round Top Hill at four in the morning. I had a large quantity of coffee in a thermos, and an even greater supply of self-pity. My fellow spotter was a taciturn little man. He looked cold too, so I offered him some coffee.

We stood and drank and peered up into the inky bowl of the sky.

"Ever see anything up here?" I asked hopefully.

The little man shook his head. "Nope," he said. "Not so far."

We finished our coffee. "In that case," I said, "would you mind telling me why you do this?"

He looked surprised. "Somebody's got to do it," he said. "Besides, I'm a well digger by trade. Most of the time, seems like, I keep my nose in the dirt. This job gives me a chance to look up at the stars. I've even taken to studying 'em."

We talked about a lot of things besides stars in the next two hours, the well digger and I. About the war and the labor problem and the then impossibly irascible Mr. Ickes. We didn't agree on everything by any means, but I found there was something remarkably refreshing about honest disagreement. For years, it seemed, I'd been so familiar with my friends' point of view that we never bothered to argue any more.

At six o'clock we were still talking, so I asked him to come home and have breakfast with me and finish the discussion. He agreed, and that was how the revolution first came to our house, in the form of a first-aid course and a well digger with a philosophical turn of mind.

"Revolution," more than any other word, fits the radical change that has taken place in our community life during these past months—a change which manifests itself in a new spirit of co-operation, a sudden heart-warming willingness to serve, a healthy crumbling of social barriers that had no valid place in the American scheme of things anyway.

We are aware of it—Madge and I—primarily as it has affected our own lives. Since our initial experience with the first-aid course and the airplane spotting we have widened our range of community activities. I have attended a chemical warfare class and learned such pertinent and poetic facts as that tear gas smells like apple blossoms, and Lewisite like geraniums. Madge now goes to a canteen to study nutrition, and, as a result, she serves me a strange concoction of carrots and raisins—to prevent night blindness.

I pictured my wife's lungs being compressed by the massive Mrs. Miller.

But the important thing to my mind, is not what Madge learns about vitamins. Nor is it what I learn about the different parts of a gas mask. The important thing is the feeling of unity with people you hardly know, a consciousness of a common cause.

All of these wartime activities, whether they consist of learning to roll bandages or drive a trailer, throw people together and help break down the watertight compartments in which most of them have been living. When you have successfully helped some stranger extinguish an incendiary bomb—even a practice one—he is no longer a stranger. When the man who used to check your tires bawls you out for not knowing how to adjust a carburetor, you're going to regard him henceforth as a person and not as a convenient piece of machinery.

She now serves me a strange concoction of carrots and raisins.

This does not mean, obviously, that a universal reign of brotherly love is introduced overnight. In any community there are feuds and jealousies. But the urgency of war work has a way of making personal grudges seem remarkably unimportant.

It's new for Madge and me, this feeling of familiarity with people who are different from those we're used to. And it's a good feeling.

I felt it, without really recognizing it, that morning on Round Top Hill when my well-digger friend and I watched the eastern sky turn gray and then crimson and then gold. When the sun finally rose up in a burst of fire, I had a curious momentary sense of fellowship with all the other unaccustomed watchers from Maine to Florida who were

(*Continued on page 24*)

THE PIRATES O

It might mean a rope's end, but the prize was worth the gamble to one British sailor

THE lifeboat had reached safety. Her sail was filled with the breeze off the sea, sucked in by the burning heat of the African continent, and the first mate could sit relaxed in the stern sheets, the wind comfortably over the quarter, the sheet caught in a single turn over the cleat, the tiller in his hand, and the boat heeling pleasantly and riding the swell with the masterly ease that never fails to stir the heart of a lover of the sea. It might be a yachting trip in the Clyde, thought the first mate dreamily—many nights without sleep had reduced him to a state close to hypnosis.

"I'm going to have a pint of water," he announced pleasantly, "and I'm going to have it now."

Shaggy heads lifted themselves at the words. The second engineer had been guarding the water breakers. That had been the duty allotted him when the ship was torpedoed, and he had been carrying it out for more days than he could remember. All he knew now was that he had to guard that water, and three times a day dole out a miserable cupful to each man.

He glared at the first mate, and then at the men crawling toward him, like a lioness defending her cubs.

"It's all right, Mac," said the first mate. "We're safe now. Any one can have a pint of water."

He nodded toward the green island that pushed its shoulders over the horizon.

"This wind'll hold till nightfall," he explained further, "and we'll be there in two hours. That's Mascarenhas. We haven't got to make the African coast."

Eight days of thirst, of lying cramped in a tiny boat, of exposure to the equatorial sun, had reduced them all to a state of torpid misery from which only the prospect of water could rouse them. When the land had been sighted an hour back, the fact had hardly penetrated their dazed consciousness. After eight days of thirst and exposure it seemed to them as if they were doomed to nothing else than thirst and exposure for the rest of their lives.

"Smith's dead, sir," said a croaking voice from the bows. Smith had been injured when the torpedo hit the ship.

"Well, he'll have a shore burial," said the first mate. In these eight days he had grown accustomed to looking on the bright side of things for the sake of his men. The second engineer was pouring water. The sound of it was to the first mate music more splendid than Bach's Mass in B minor, which he had heard in Liverpool Cathedral the last time he had been home.

The men drank in turn. When they reached shore they would drink, and drink, and drink, and the first mate had heard somewhere that such drinking after prolonged thirst might be fatal. This would be the best way of slowly bringing them

One glimpse of the first mate's pistol was enough to terrify the two men into silence.

ASCARENHAS

BY C. S. FORESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY A. LEYDENFROST

back to normal. The first mate knew his duty to his men.

He put the tiller over and hauled in on the sheet as the boat rounded the tip of the island. Far beyond, there was a thin gray-green line on the horizon which indicated the mainland of Africa. This island of Mascarenhas was one of the few residual scraps of the Portuguese Empire which had once stretched world-wide. The steep slopes were vividly, tremendously green with the vegetation nurtured by the equatorial rainfall. Where the horns of the island drew together to offer shelter from the winds and the Atlantic surf, the slope was scattered with little white houses and there were a few small boats round the dilapidated pier. But what caught every one's eye was a big ship that rode to her anchor there. She was huge, 20,000 tons of her towering out of the water, well kept and glittering. The British sailors, sun-baked, bearded, half naked, stared at her morosely. They read her name, Regina di Sicilia, and her port of origin, Genova.

"Italian," commented the first mate. "Took refuge in the neutral port when Musso stabbed us in the back."

As the boat neared the ship they came under the lee of the land, and the sail flapped and the boat lost way and drifted under the blazing sky.

"We'll show 'em," said the first mate. "Where's that flag, Brown?"

It was a dingy little red ensign which had found its way into the boat heaven knew how. It hardly moved in the heavy air, but the dull red with the faded union in the corner was recognizable to any one. The crew of the Regina di Sicilia saw it as they came lounging up to the ship's side, and the defiant gesture roused them to action. They shouted jeeringly at the British sailors. The words were unintelligible, but there was no mistaking the import of the gesticulations that accompanied them. The Italians lined the rail and spat in unison, and their hands moved in the ages-old signals of contempt. The first mate shouted what he thought of them, but they either did not understand him or made out that they did not.

The chugging of a boat motor shifted the point of balance of the scene. A Portuguese boat had put out from shore to them. The colored sailors on board seized the lifeboat's painter and took her in tow, and the Italian jeers died away in the distance as the lifeboat brought up to the pier.

The port police and the port doctor were awaiting them, and the British consul came hurrying down just as they were helping the British sailors out of the boat. Eight days of it, eighteen men in one boat, left them so cramped and weak that they could not stand without assistance.

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WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHEN war came between England and the colonies, Julian Day, a young Englishman who was master of a boys' school in Williamsburg, Virginia, felt it keenly. He had come to love Virginia and the friends he had made there, yet he was loyal to England.

"If I could be sure of meeting only Hessians in the field—" he told his friend, St. John Sprague. "But it is fighting your own kind!"

Beautiful Regina Greensleeves, whom St. John was going to marry, felt as Julian did. When St. John told her he was going North to join Washington's army, she said, "Understand me. I will never marry a man who has borne arms against the King!"

"You were never meant to be a spinster, my girl," retorted St. John, smiling, and went his way. And Regina, determined to teach him a lesson, named over to herself the Loyalist men she might marry. Julian was on the list.

Already in love with Regina, Julian found it hard to resist her, in spite of his friendship with St. John. He knew, though, that she did not really love him, and when St. John's sister, Dorothea, came to tell him that St. John had been wounded at the Battle of Brandywine and was coming home, he agreed and break the news to Regina.

"Won't you see him?" he asked

"Not even to please you," she r "And I would very much like to you, Julian."

But Tibby Mawes went to I Street to see St. John. Tibby w daughter of a laundress, a vivi girl with a great thirst for knov Julian had become interested in h sent her to a girls' school. And she shiped Julian. When she left aft visit, St. John pondered Tibby and dered if Julian realized that sh growing up and what her feelir him meant.

Julian didn't—and he was blin to Dorothea's love for him. His hea only Regina.

DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT

An idealistic tenderfoot joins de Kalb's rough-and-ready Marylanders in a novel that shows amazing parallels between creating our own Democracy in '76 and preserving it in '43

WHEN Dorothea had gone off to bed, St. John and Julian sat a long time with a bottle of wine between them, and their talk was desultory and informal, as of old. Something of recent constraint and caution and a skirting of certain topics was magically abolished tonight because they both understood at last that they were, after all, on the same side. Julian had ceased to be a Tory.

St. John could talk tonight, to ease his own laden soul, of things he had thought to keep locked within himself: of the privations and humiliations endured by his men in the ill-provisioned ranks before Philadelphia, dependent on a bungling, bewildered, incompetent Congress from which most of the stronger spirits had now departed to serve in their own state legislatures; of the pathetic march of the ill-clad, ill-equipped Continental troops through Philadelphia on their way to what ended in Brandywine.

It was enough to break your heart, cried St. John, to see the men that day and the brave show they made—only to lose the battle because of a muddle about fords and back roads, and General Sullivan in trouble again, as usual! Washington was superhuman, exposing himself recklessly to rally the men, seeming to be everywhere at once. It was Greene, though, who saved them from utter rout—a great, lumbering, lovable Quaker from Rhode Island, with a steadfast genius for command.

And then, out of one of their companionable silences—

"It will be a long war, Julian—even with France's help—a desperate, bloody business still, and no end in sight—"

"Something must have gone very wrong with Burgoyne," Julian suggested. "Our man was Gates. Do you know him?"

"Lord!" said St. John blankly. "Are they saying *Gates* took Burgoyne?" He gave a loud, rude shout of laughter. "Who else was at Saratoga? Schuyler? Arnold? Morgan? Gates my eye!" roared St. John, while Julian stared. "Gates is a summer soldier, hanging round Congress, trying to undermine Washington! I'll take my oath he had nothing to do with winning the battle! Schuyler was doing all the work up there the last *I* heard. How did Gates get in, I wonder?"

He filled Julian's glass and his own, and reached for the poker to push a log farther into the flames.

It was Julian who broke the pause this time.

"I've been a little worried about Tibby," he began, and St. John glanced at him humorously.

"I shouldn't wonder," he murmured.

"You've noticed the same thing, then," said Julian with relief.

"For some time."

"Did she—have you ever spoken of it with her?"

"Good grief, man, what kind of blundering fool do you think I am?" demanded St. John. "I couldn't speak of it, any more than I could strip her naked! Besides, it's all still in the bud. She hardly knows herself how it is with her."

"She knows enough to be jealous of Regina," said Julian.

"I shall take a cane to Regina one of these days," St. John promised darkly. "And when I do, don't you come trying to stay my hand, Julian! I've warned you before. Not just bcause I mean to marry her myself—not so much that as because I'm devilish fond of you, old sobersides, and I don't want to see you driven right out of your mind—understand?" His eyes rested with their clear, childlike frankness on Julian's averted face.

"She has no use for the likes of us nowadays," said Julian. "David Allen is in New York with a commission in Simcoe's Loyalist regiment."

"So *that's* the kind of blankety-blank sons-of-so-and-so's she calls her friends now, is it!" yelled St. John, leaping in his chair. And in the flow of language which followed, and the emptying of the bottle, Tibby was forgotten and neither was aware that both had been talking entirely at cross purposes.

SOON after Christmas St. John was off, still hobbling with a cane, to rejoin his regiment in winter quarters at a place in Pennsylvania called

; was Dorothea who opened her
ther's eyes to Julian's love for the
St. John still expected to marry
ie day.
t. John was furious at Regina for
ling the young man on.
I'll wager with you that Regina will
marry Julian," he said to Dorothea.
e would like to, just to spite me
. But it's very unlikely, all the same,
survive the war."
Vhile they were talking, Julian came
with the news that Burgoyne had
rendered at Saratoga.
They are saying that now France
come in on our side," he said.
On *whose* side?" demanded St. John.
whose side did you say?"
On ours, of course," said Julian.
nerica's."

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BENSING

BY ELSWYTH THANE

Valley Forge, and the Francis Street household was empty and aimless again.

He wrote in May to say that Clinton had succeeded the easygoing Howe in the British command, and that any British general with a grain of sense would not now attempt to hold Philadelphia with a French fleet due over the horizon any minute. And sure enough, in June Clinton began an elaborate evacuation of the city, with Washington's underfed but indomitable Valley Forge army at his heels.

Then came the battle of Monmouth, which left the British, as St. John wrote, "pretty well back where they started from."

At the end of the year bad news arrived from the opposite direction. Williamsburg learned with a sinking sensation that Savannah had been taken by the redcoats. By spring the invading army was spreading northward, gathering Loyalist forces as it went, and General Lincoln hurried down overland to direct the defense of Charleston.

The war was closing in on Virginia.

JULIAN was dining in Francis Street that day early in June when Williamsburg learned that Charleston was lost.

The dreadful story of the surrender had come up slowly overland. Lincoln was a prisoner of war,

(*Continued on page 56*)

"I am *not* your sister!" Dorothea cried. "I'm not even kissing kin!"

BRINGING UP McMANUS

The creator of Jiggs—America's hardest-working cartoonist (and practical joker)—got his start on a 30-to-1 shot, but now places his bets on people

BY WELDON MELICK

ILLUSTRATED BY McMANUS

AFTER thirty years of Bringing Up Father, come January 16, George McManus, dean of American cartoonists, is exactly where he started with that hopeless reformation project. His lovable, unassuming Irish character Jiggs has weathered 80,000 depictions by the McManus pen, but still prefers his plebeian cronies to those his socially ambitious wife Maggie has tried to foist on him.

The cartoonist, personally, has fared better at Bringing Up McManus—to the top of the comic-strip business. Bringing Up Father is the oldest strip drawn continuously by one man. No other cartoon in newspaper history has had such a perpetual record of success as Jiggs. He has furnished the motif of fourteen motion pictures. Jiggs comic books set a goal for all others to shoot at, with a sale of ten million copies. He is syndicated in 398 daily and Sunday papers in twenty-two countries with a readership of something over 50,000,000. McManus draws one of the highest salaries in the business—$104,000 a year.

The McManus method of getting a strip out is somewhat unorthodox for a top-flight cartoonist. Instead of hiring several ghosts to think and draw for him while he spends his life at the races, the creator of Jiggs employs a single assistant, and is at the drawing board himself from nine till four every day in the year, Sundays and holidays included, and never takes a vacation from his work, even while traveling. He would rather work than eat, so he skips lunch.

To keep from getting stagnant over the inkpots, he makes the rounds of night clubs and listens to small talk. This supplies him with dialogue for his characters. He consumes prodigious quantities of beer, but finds conversation even more stimulating.

McManus never drinks alone or before dinner, but has to shave around his cigars, as he smokes at least twenty a day. Yet he isn't a slave to nicotine, doesn't inhale, and will go all day without smoking if it's a question of interrupting his work to go out and replenish the tobacco supply.

Cartoonists have a reputation for being the world's choice screwballs, but McManus' genius for practical jokes is tops.

An obstreperous character was spoiling a camp outing of a club the cartoonist belonged to. Ordered out, the fellow wouldn't leave. So McManus plied him with drinks till he passed out, then clapped his leg in a cast. When he came to, he was told he had broken his leg and would be laid up for six months. When the

camp broke up several days later, the boys were considerate enough to crack off the cast and release him.

On the way to the Dempsey- Carpentier fight, McManus framed an inebriated friend, who had dozed off, into believing he had been unconscious for days by getting every one in the car to talk about the match as if it had already taken place and they were on their way home.

McManus has had only three jobs, and has been out of work just six weeks in forty-five years. He started the day after his schoolteacher told his father that he wouldn't do anything in class but draw pictures in his text books. Instead of whipping him, his father took him out of school and got him a five-dollar-a-week job sweeping out the art department of the St. Louis Republic.

Soon he was going along with reporters to sketch news events. He drew from life—and death—at 120 hangings in the courtyard of the St. Louis jail. Frequently he worked by lantern in the morgue.

When he was given a small raise there was a note with his pay check stipulating that his salary was strictly confidential. He wrote on the slip, "I'm just as ashamed of it as you are," and sent it back. Then, while he was getting a shine one day, the bootblack gave him a tip on a 30-to-1 long shot, Hamburg Belle in the Futurity Stakes at Belmont Park. George bet his savings, $100, collected $3,000, quit his job the same day, and went to New York. The $3,000 went faster than Hamburg Belle. The next tips that kept him eating were the ones left on restaurant tables by customers immediately preceding him. He slept in Bryant Park on Christmas Eve.

THIS FELLOW-McMANUS WAS QUITE A CUT-UP IN HIS YOUNGER DAYS-MAGGIE!
YOU'VE GOT YOUR NERVE! HOW DARE YOU TAKE MY MAGAZINE WHILE I AM TALKING ON THE 'PHONE? GIVE ME THAT LIBERTY!!
GEO. McMANUS

McMANUS tried about ten comic strips and outlined thirty more before he started Bringing Up Father. One of them, The Newly Weds, was fairly successful, but he soon discarded them for Jiggs and Maggie, using the theme of a popular Irish play, The Rising Generation, which he had seen many times as a boy. Jiggs took his name from the dance, for its suggestion of Irish gaiety. He typified the craving of almost every man alive for creature comfort and democratic companionship. Maggie, whose name should more appropriately start with N, struck a universal note with every woman's natural ambition to improve on what the minister gave her.

Bringing Up Father has left its mark on the American scene in a variety of ways. Butcher shops in towns where the cartoon is published have a run on corned beef every time Jiggs mentions that plebeian delicacy. There are hundreds of Dinty Moore restaurants over the country named after Jiggs' favorite rendezvous. There is a Dinty Moore brand of canned corned beef and cabbage put out by Hormel. Jiggs, Idaho, was named for the comic-strip character. The Eleventh Aero Squadron chose Jiggs for its insignia in the first World War and McManus was asked to create new Jiggs designs for this war. Jiggs war posters are selling bonds in this war, as they did in the last.

Whether McManus resembles Jiggs or vice versa is a moot point, but they have much in common, including physical resemblance, love of life, and a benevolent nature. McManus divides sizable though anonymous donations with approximate equality among Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish organizations, but isn't content to stop with checkbook charity. Whenever and wherever he travels—and he loves nothing more—he asks to be taken to the consumptive and children's hospitals where he can entertain the inmates with chalk talks, cheerfully complying when tots demand pictures of Mickey Mouse or Popeye.

When he read a touching letter in the paper from a crippled shut-in sentenced by doctors to die in a few months from a rare malady, he arranged a breath-taking week for her in New York as the guest of his wife and himself. The whole town went wild vying to entertain "the Cinderella girl." She was showered with gifts, vaudeville offers, and expert medical treatment which must have had some value, since she outlived Carole Lombard, who re-enacted her experience in a movie, and is alive today, happily married, the mother of two children.

Although he lives and moves in the "fast" picture colony, he doesn't believe in multiple marriages. "The man who marries a second time doesn't deserve to lose his first wife," he says—but belies that cynicism by having been married for more than thirty years to the model for Jiggs' daughter Nora, the element of beauty and refinement in his cartoon.

Most Hollywood cartoonists are habitually in hot water for getting behind schedule. No exception—because he'll tear a strip up and start over at the last minute if he isn't satisfied with it, McManus thought he had found a way of excusing his lateness. Every time he read of a transcontinental plane crashing, he would wire his syndicate, "I had a set of dailies and two Sunday pages on the plane. Will have to draw them over." But he got careless. He read about a plane exploding in mid-air and automatically reached for a telegraph blank. He got a sizzling reply: "Since when are you sending your strips around the world? That plane was going west."

THE END

THE REVOLUTION COMES TO OUR HOUSE

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seeing that glory too. It sounds sentimental, I know. But I've come to believe that it's that same feeling that's going to help win this war.

The same catalyst is working in cities, too. A bachelor friend of mine recounts with glee how he spotted a sumptuous blonde at an air-raid wardens' meeting, wangled an introduction, and discovered that she occupied the apartment directly under his.

You don't have to be particularly sensitive to be aware of this new spirit that's abroad in the land. You can observe it almost any day. For me it was summed up in an incident that occurred last Saturday morning when I went down to the local feed store for a few words of wisdom from Mr. Abrams, the proprietor, on the care and feeding of chickens.

AS we stood out on the sidewalk down the street, wobbling on a shiny new bicycle came crusty old Mrs. Ames, one of the few really rich and cantankerous old dowagers we have left. She swept majestically past us, tried to make a right-hand turn, and fell off with an earth-shaking thud. As Mr. Abrams and I reached her, Mrs. Ames rolled over, sat up, and glared at us accusingly.

"Damn that Hitler!" she exploded.

Mr. Abrams lifted his hat. "Amen!" he said reverently.

Whereupon Mrs. Ames thrust us aside, clambered grimly back into the saddle, and pedaled away. Mr. Abrams watched her go with a reluctant gleam of admiration in his eye. "That's the spirit," he remarked. "Humph! Didn't know the old battle-ax had it in her."

Mr. Abrams will spread that story, and so will I. And the spirit we didn't know Mrs. Ames had will add its spark to the steady flame of patriotism and sacrifice that has begun to burn all over this nation.

Mrs. Ames and Mr. Abrams may not meet in drawing rooms after the war is over. But now, at least, they have something in common, something that makes us all neighbors.

Call this trend a passing phase; call it a social revolution, if you prefer. I do. Whatever it is, it's a good thing, and we have the war to thank for it. And when we finally win the war, this same spirit will help us build an even better nation; it will help us in our manifest destiny to build a better world. Those of us who survive will not only be better neighbors and better Americans—we shall also be better people.

THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED ANDERSON

SHOR

THE first car along the hot spongy highway carried the homesteader widow who ran the filling station in Mescal Canyon. Plainly she hadn't driven across the Tecolote Mountains a few hours before to murder old Tom Wall for his $800 of cattle money, but Henry Bayliss, obeying sheriff orders, waved her down and glanced over the tires.

Whoever had shot Tom Wall at his ranch on the east slope of the Tecolotes had parked on the highway and walked to the house. Unless the fresh shoe tracks and one smooth tire print just off the pavement lied.

"Tom Wall's killer is clear outa Arizona by now," the woman said above the violent boiling of her car. "Must of been the party that drove lickety-split past my oil station 'fore daylight. The cougar hunters camped at my place said it was a open roadster. You're wastin' time here."

"Likely," admitted Henry. "Your radiator acts clogged with gyp deposit; that Mescal Canyon water is chock full of alkali." His mouth was dry as an old adobe brick. "You don't happen to be carryin' anything to wet a dry throat, ma'am?"

The woman glared and drove on.

"She thought I meant whisky, I guess," Henry muttered and mopped his bristle-studded face.

Cars were few. An hour brought only the mail carrier and an oil truck. Another hour, and the sheriff whipped up in his battered sedan.

"You might as well go home," he told Henry. "The snake that killed old Tom is a long ways off by now."

"Lord, but I'm dry!" growled Henry Bayliss. "And nobody passin' here carries any water."

"Why should they, travelin' a paved highway?" The sheriff knew that Henry was thirsty mainly because he was harking back to the days when he and Tom Wall had ridden this dry hot range together. "Tom sort of raised you, didn't he?"

"He took me in charge when I was left a range orphan. Summers him and me rode this Tecolote country after Tex King's longhorns."

"Heard that you two near died of thirst in here once," said the sheriff. Talking would be good for Henry.

"Yeah. These blasted Tecolotes a'most ended us. I guess they got about the least and worst water of any place on earth. The springs at the quicksilver mine would poison a goat and there's other water so evil-flavored one drop ruins a gallon of coffee. But that time the 'Paches raided through here, we would of sold our souls for one swa low of the worst of all those water

A truck loaded with ore labor up the hill and passed.

"Tom and me was a'ready thirs when we had to hide out from the copperskins on the desert east the Tecolotes. My horse give o and with my tongue bloated big a washtub I went plain crazy. To was near done for too, but he'd rop me on his saddle and staggered alo afoot, leading us into the Tecolote

"When Tom fetched up at a spri under a cliff—one we'd never r across—it was a miracle, like Mos making water spout from a rock was plumb gone but Tom brung round, moistenin' my black a swole-up tongue at first and dipp water over me. And what wat Good and sweet and cold. We there a whole day, soakin' oursel inside and out. Then all a sud Tom got up and begun layin' squares with stones. I figgered gone loco—"

An old touring car ground up hill, dragging a trailer with a dled horse. Buck Persons, trapped coyotes and hunted mou tain lions for the bounty, was drivi His fourteen-year-old son, Lonn sat on a bedroll in the back. Tw carsick hounds had their hea stuck out of the right front windo

"Got that bearing put in a ho ago, sheriff," Buck Persons sai "and decided to pull out for hom Too hot and dry on the west si them Tecolotes for the hounds keep a trail, and with the car bust all week, we couldn't git over to t the east slope."

"Just as hot and dry over on t east slope anyway," said Henry Ba liss, glancing up from Persons' s of new six-ply tires. His eyes we back to the horse in the trail "Well, look at that. Some folks st got enough sense to carry wate

He strode back to reach eage for the canteen hanging from t saddle horn. After one swallow, carefully screwed on the cap aga

"You didn't git over on the ea slope, Buck?" he said slowly fr the side of Persons' car.

"Nope. Lonnie and me aimed

)RINK

BY RAY NAFZIGER

ıt we been waitin' all week at the escal Canyon oil station for a earing. It come just this morning."

"But you had a horse," said Henry. He looks a mite ga'nted. Sure you dn't ride him 'cross the mountains st night, Buck?"

The hunter answered with a bluff omptness: "Course not. What ould I do that for?"

"For to get eight hundred dolrs. You rode over the range to hit e highway near Wall's ranch and d the horse. Then you walked on own the pavement to leave tracks etween the highway and Wall's ouse. And used a piece of old casg to make a smooth tire print in ıe dust so folks would figure the iller come in a car. Cuss you!" xploded Henry, and reached in to amp his fingers around Buck Perns' throat.

In the back seat, Lonnie lifted a volver from his lap. The sheriff mped and joggled the boy's arm, that the shot sailed wide. Then disarmed Lonnie and pried enry's big hands off Buck's throat.

Obeying a hunch, the sheriff exlored a hole in a seat cushion and und a wad of bills. Grimly he ounted $800.

"Didn't need that money for oof," said Henry. "Buck filled up is canteen at Tom's spring. Ridin' ack in the mornin' cool, Buck only alf emptied it. I knowed Buck killed om soon's my tongue touched that ater. After all the thirstin' I done this country, I could tell from ıe taste where any Tecolote water ome from, but specially any from om Wall's spring.

"That was the same water Tom und that time we near cashed in. ke I was tellin' you, sheriff, after e'd laid a day drinkin' from that ring, Tom begun markin' out uares with stones. I thought he'd ne loco, but he hadn't.

" 'These is rooms of the house I'm ildin',' Tom Wall told me. 'Here, side the only water in these Tecotes that's sweet and good and fit drink. This is where I'm settlin', live my life here, drinkin' this od sweet water until I die.' "

THE END

"You didn't git over on the east slope, Buck?" Henry said slowly.

GAS WARFARE? THE U. S. IS READY

Continued from Page 11

supplied with a gas mask, the challenge to the Chemical Warfare Service is greater. Yet the challenge is being met. Every soldier in our armed forces is now provided with his own individual mask. The Chemical Warfare Service has also built up large reserves for replacements.

Masks and protective clothing, however, are only the first of necessary safeguards. The second is knowledge. It is essential to know how to cope with enemy gases—particularly with those persistent gases, like mustard, which can linger in a locale for days.

TO supply this knowledge the Chemical Warfare Service has established training schools at Edgewood, Maryland, and at seven American colleges and universities. Here army officers—as well as civilians recruited from fire departments and police forces—receive instruction in all phases of defense against chemical agents. These men in turn will serve as teachers in the units to which they are attached. The course is so thorough that twenty-nine Latin-American countries have sent army officers to take it.

Moreover, the Chemical Warfare Service is training a large subsidiary army of its own—Chemical Troops; men who will be detailed to highly specialized scientific tasks. Perhaps their most spectacular graduates are those who enter the Field Laboratory Companies—units that now accompany every army going overseas.

"These Field Laboratory Companies," says General Porter, "are the most highly educated groups in the army today. More than half of their personnel hold college degrees. . . . All of the officers and nearly all of the enlisted men are chemists."

Their duty is to set up field laboratories as close as possible to the enemy lines. Making quick analyses of the chemical agents projected against our troops, they advise army commanders of the best protective measures to be taken against whatever gases are encountered. They carry a complete portable workshop, inclusive of a technical library. Bottled gas heats their Bunsen burners; power for their electric furnaces and exhaust fans comes from the generator on an accompanying truck. Theirs is warfare such as Napoleon himself never imagined—the onslaught of the savants.

Not as generously supplied with Ph. D.s, yet just as essential are the Decontamination Companies that march with every modern army. Their primary task is to clear gas out of any area which is to be occupied or crossed; and in cases where troops are able to do this for themselves, the Decontamination Company serves in a supervisory capacity.

It is supplemented by Impregnating Companies—the most scientific of all laundry units—whose job it is to clean clothing that has been exposed to chemical agents, and to keep such clothing protected, as far as possible, against future attacks. Add to these the Depot Companies, charged with ensuring the constant supply of chemicals to the front; Maintenance Companies keeping all chemical equipment in repair; troops trained to lay barrages of gas or smoke over enemy positions; troops taught the use of flame throwers—and the scope of the Chemical Warfare Service becomes clearer.

The course is strenuous. It has its elements of danger, as has any preparation for warfare; but the way it is taken is completely American in its good nature. At Edgewood you can see the men grin as they sing:

We train down here at Edgewood,
We march at "Company Mass,'"
The only time we smell fresh air
Is when we get a pass.

But they're not fooling anybody. They love it.

WAR gases are, of course, only one of the Chemical Warfare Service's problems. The job of producing incendiary bombs is theirs, too. They have supervised the manufacture of millions of bombs.

And then, there is smoke—smoke to conceal infantry movements; smoke to blot out the advances of tanks; smoke to hide vast convoys at sea; white smoke, black smoke, yellow smoke; incendiary smoke, like white phosphorous. All these originate in the research laboratories of the Chemical Warfare Service.

But, though smoke and incendiary bombs are in constant use, it is to war gases—the eternal question mark—that speculation turns.

The men who manufacture it, the laborers in the plants, have little to say about it. "We just pull levers and turn cranks. The stuff is made under glass and in pipes. Sometimes it gives you a queer feeling to know you're working twenty-four hours a day to produce something which may never be used."

Whether it is ever used or not, we can draw vast satisfaction from this knowledge:

We are ready with it!

THE END

THE GYP OF THE WEEK *By* *FRANK W. BROCK*

FURNACE SABOTEURS

IF a man calls, claiming the government has requested him to inspect your furnace for fire and gas hazards, shut your door in his face. If you don't, you'll be sorry.

Owing to the coal and oil shortage, many suave talkers pose as city or government inspectors. Once in your basement, they look the furnace over and recommend a few minor repairs. If you authorize the repairs, a wrecking crew arrives and scatters parts of your furnace all over the cellar floor. They may break a few parts.

Right here is where a "heating engineer" appears. Actually he is a furnace salesman, come to convince you that you need a new furnace. He orders the workmen not to reassemble the parts, claiming that under fire department regulations it would be a fire hazard.

This usually turns the trick; but if you insist that your furnace be restored to its original condition, he orders his workmen to depart. You're helpless. Your house will be stone cold—and he knows it. Yet this has happened in dozens of cities. It's the new furnace racket.

In some instances reported to Better Business Bureaus, furnaces remained dismantled for weeks. Honest, competent examination of a number of them indicated that a few hours' work on minor repairs was all that was needed.

Another tip: Don't try to save coal by treating it with compounds guaranteed to increase its effectiveness. They won't. Most of them are little more than common salt.

THE OX-BOW INCIDENT
By Walter Van Tilburg Clark

A story of the West of the 1880's, of men doomed to die, and a mob that flouted the law. Taut with suspense and electric with excitement.

An Abridgement
In Liberty next week

NO COFFIN FOR THE CORPSE

A mystery novel by

CLAYTON RAWSON

. . . INTRODUCING THE GREAT MERLINI, WHOM THE CRITICS CALLED: . . . "One of the greatest fictional characters of any mystery"— *Syracuse, N. Y., POST-STANDARD* . . . in a novel whose "climax is one of the best in any mystery of the year."— *Montreal STAR*. . . . "Gay, speedy and full of surprises."— *Boston, Mass., POST* says. . . . "The Great Merlini does himself proud."—*N. Y. TIMES*.

A Liberty Book

ABRIDGED TO A READING TIME OF ONE EVENING

I WAS on duty the first time I tangled with Dudley Wolff. The New York Evening Press had assigned me to do a series of stories on the defense program. My investigation into bottlenecks led me to the Wolff Chemical Corporation, makers of explosives. I soon discovered that I had a headline yarn in my lap—and a bull by the tail.

Dudley Wolff was the bull. When my copy hit the front pages, he took one look and exploded a dull thunderous roar.

This was no surprise. I knew very well that tagging Wolff in print as a crusty, blustering old industrial pirate would get repercussions. But that was no skin off my hide, and the Evening Press didn't mind. Their publishing theory was simple: Explosions build circulation.

The second time I met Wolff, however, I was on my own. The city editor hadn't sent me out to date Kathryn Wolff. That was my idea. The only story in it was a very old one—headline news with me but not with our readers. The defense-program story would have blown over eventually and Wolff would have forgotten all about a reporter whose by-line read "Ross Harte." But what had happened to Kathryn and myself showed no sign of blowing over. On the contrary, it had reached the point of window-shopping for a ring. Dudley Wolff began trying to get rid of me.

"That young scandalmonger!" Wolff had roared in his best howitzer manner. "Can't you see what his game is, Kathryn? He wants to marry money. I don't want to hear him mentioned again!"

The odds against us climbed steadily. As a result of my reportorial attack on the Wolff Chemical Corporation, the Senate Munitions Committee summoned Wolff to Washington and laid down a barrage of embarrassing questions. The evening he returned from this fracas was definitely *not* a favorable moment for reopening the matter of our engagement. Unluckily, that is just when it came up.

I had gone out to the Wolff estate, some twenty-five miles from New York, near Mamaroneck, to call for Kay. The house was built on the edge of Long Island Sound, at the end of a long drive that curved up from the gatehouse on the Post Road. It was medium size for a millionaire with a family of three, plus servants;

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but it was still too big to look hospitable. The inky starless sky and biting February wind were no help, either.

But when Kay came down the stairs I forgot Dudley Wolff and the weather. The shining welcome in her eyes warmed me at once. And when she put her face up to be kissed, it wasn't February any more, it was June.

Kay, as far as I was concerned, was just what the doctor ordered. She was blonde, with deep sea-blue eyes that sparkled like Long Island Sound in yachting season. Unaffected by a too close association with an almost criminal amount of wealth, she actively disliked the social

whirl that was supposed to go with it. Horses, café society bored her. She had studied at a dramatic school and much preferred anything that went on behind footlights.

As we went down the steps toward my jaloppy, a long gleaming Rolls floated up the drive. Kay's hand tightened on mine. "Hold your hat, darling. Here it comes!"

Wolff's scowl as he moved toward us was sulphurous. "I want to see you a moment, Mr. Harte."

Kay's voice, taut and just as determined, stopped him: "Ross is taking me to the theater. It will be much more convenient if you ask him for an appointment tomorrow."

Wolff's black jutting eyebrows bristled ominously. "You sound serious about this," he said.

Kay stood her ground. "I am."

Wolff turned to me. "Are you stubborn too, Harte?"

I nodded. "I can be."

"All right. We know where we stand. Kathryn inherits a few million dollars at my death. Tomorrow morning I'll change that. She'll get it only provided she sees nothing more of you."

Kay was mad now. "Father," she said quickly, "you can leave the money to Anne, or to a home for cats. I've taken all the orders I can stand. Come on, Ross."

Then Wolff led trumps.

"Perhaps I had better tell you something you don't know about yourself, Harte. That salary of yours. You don't have it any more. You've been fired!"

A MENTAL skyrocket burst in my head. "So that's it," I said. "You're J. H. Wilson?"

He nodded. "Yes."

Kay, bewildered, asked, "Ross, what—"

I told her: "Your father does things in a big way. The editorial policy of the Press seems to have gotten under his skin. A mysterious Mr. Wilson has been busy as a bee buying up stock in the Press Publishing Company. Apparently he has succeeded in getting control."

Kay didn't seem to care. She started for the car.

I made my mistake then. I stopped her. "Wait, Kay. I'm not sure you realize just what goes on here. The Harte bank account would go blue in the face at once without that weekly check."

Emotions are the damnedest things. Kay was suffering an attack of them now, and my explanations didn't even get under way.

"Bank account?" she said. "You're alike, both of you! You can't think of anything but money. You—"

"But, Kay," I started, "some of us must. You never have because—"

I didn't finish. She was gone, running up the steps into the house. Wolff grinned at me in a complacent, well-that-settles-your-hash manner that made me boil.

"You," I said flatly, "are a tinhorn Mussolini. How Kay has managed to stick it around here as long as this I don't know. I will marry her now—in spite of he high water, and you! Excuse me!"

I took the steps after Kay three at a time.

"Harte!" Wolff roared. "Leonard, get him out of here!"

Leonard, the chauffeur, strode in, an ominous look of anticipation on his capable face. I knew when I was licked. There was nothing to do but retreat.

I didn't find out until nearly two weeks later that, as I drove back to the city, one of the persons I had left behind in the Wolff house was making the first moves in a cleverly calculated and unique design for murder.

WHEN the police, Merlini, and I did investigate, we obtained the evidence of certain witnesses which enabled us to reconstruct the astonishing series of events that took place after I had left.

The butler took Wolff's coat and hat. "Dr. Haggard and Mr. Galt are waiting for you," he reported.

Wolff grunted. "All right, Phillips. Tell Mrs. Wolff I'm here." He strode toward the library.

Storm clouds were everywhere within the Wolff house that night. The tension between the two men who waited in the library was so strong you could feel it.

Dr. Sydney Haggard was an experimental biologist. Francis Galt was the director of the American Psychic Research Laboratories. Galt was an authority in a field that irked Dr. Haggard because it began at the precise point where science leaves off. He was a man in love with the mysterious and the unknown. Any apparently occult phenomenon fascinated him.

The warfare between these two was constant, except in Wolff's presence. They were both indebted to him for underwriting their researches. Patrons having Wolff's temperament need gentle handling.

Hostilities ceased as soon as Wolff entered the library. Galt and Haggard both greeted him politely. Wolff nodded brusquely and said, "You both say you have something important to report. As usual, I suspect that means more funds. Is that it, Haggard?"

Haggard nodded.

Wolff scowled. "The best biological lab in the country outside the Rockefeller Institute, and it's not enough! All right, and this goes for you too, Galt. Suppose I do give you everything you want? What guaranty can you give me that you'll get the results I want?"

Both men frowned uneasily. Haggard, being a medical man, knew why Wolff wanted those results. He had divined, what few other people suspected, that Wolff, beneath his blustering hard-shelled exterior, lived in mortal fear. His outbursts of temper, his devil-take-the-hindmost business methods, were a dense smoke screen that had concealed, ever since his first wife's death at the time of Kay's birth, a consuming inner fear of death.

And death, because he feared it, fascinated him. He was filled with an abnormal curiosity to know what happened after death, and tried to satisfy it by endowing the ghostly other-world researches of Francis Galt. He sought for ways of postponing the inevitable by assisting the longevity experiments of Dr. Haggard.

Wolff pointed his cigar at Galt's lean, thick-spectacled face. "You've exposed several dozen fraudulent mediums and investigated a score of haunted houses. You've found a handful of psychics whose phenomena you can't explain—not coherently, anyway. But it doesn't add up. I still don't know what happens when a person dies. I'm convinced that something happens. It has to." He turned to Haggard. "As for you, you've been promising you'd do something about old age. Theoretically there's no reason a man cannot extend his life span far beyond its present limits. There is no convincing evidence that living tissue needs to die. But when are you going to stop working on rats, cats, and dogs, and show me—"

"Tomorrow!" Dr. Haggard stood up and drew a notebook from his breast pocket. "I'm on the right track at last. I've got a serum now that—"

He stopped and looked toward the door. A slender, sallow-faced man had appeared there quietly. He stood just inside, a worried look on his face, his hands moving nervously. His voice was not too steady.

"Pardon me, Mr. Wolff. I must see you for a moment, privately. It's most urgent."

Wolff scowled, said, "Excuse me," then crossed quickly toward the man at the door.

Albert Dunning was Wolff's private secretary. People wondered how such a frail, anemic-looking person had ever lasted two years in the employ of a man like Wolff. Dunning's interest in the Wolff firearms collection was one reason. The others were a precise, robot efficiency and a ducklike ability to shed the Wolff insults.

Dunning's voice as he spoke to Wolff was low and rapid. Galt and Haggard saw the millionaire's bushy eyebrows lift in surprise. Wolff looked toward them.

"Back in a minute," he said, then hurried out the door. Dunning vanished after him.

DUNNING'S report concerned a strange individual who had mysteriously appeared in Wolff's office-study on the second floor. The secretary had discovered him calmly running through some personal papers in Wolff's files. The stranger had seemed in no way disturbed by Dunning's entrance. Instead, he had simply sat down before the desk and said calmly, "Tell Dudley Wolff that I want to see him here. Now."

He was still sitting there calmly when Wolff barged in. He was an odd sort of man, though the oddness was something you couldn't quite put your finger on. He was dressed somberly enough, with a smooth-fitting dark overcoat, white scarf, and a black hat which he showed no intention of removing. His face was thin and sharp-featured. His black eyes, set in deep hollows, burned brightly. A thin dark mustache crossed his upper lip and descended down around each side of his mouth to meet the small close-cropped black beard that covered his chin.

"Who the devil are you?" Wolff demanded.

"Smith will do for a name," the intruder said.

Wolff moved in closer. He stood above the man, looking down, his jaw tight. "What do you want?"

"I want money," he said—"naturally." His gloved hand slid in beneath his coat. Dunning sucked in his breath. Wolff's right arm flexed as if to strike out. But the man's hand came out again, holding not a weapon but a long envelope of legal size. He removed several long, narrow glossy photographic prints, spread them fanwise in Wolff's direction. They were facsimile photographs of checks.

Wolff stared at the prints. "Where did you get these?"

Smith ignored the question. "Interesting, aren't they? The newspapers and the Senate Munitions Committee—" He left the sentence unfinished.

Wolff glared at him. "How much?"

"A hundred thousand."

Wolff said, "I'll pay ten." His eyes were steady on his opponent, anger spilling from them—and decision.

"Ten?" Mr. Smith smiled. "I'll give you one minute. Then the price will go up to—"

Dudley Wolff's fist swung up. Smith threw himself back in the chair and tried to twist his head. Wolff's fist smashed against the side of his jaw. Smith's chair went over backward. His body somersaulted along the floor, then lay still, face down.

Wolff scooped the envelope up from the floor. He glanced inside, grinned briefly, and then yanked open a drawer of the desk and pulled out a revolver. "Search him quickly, Dunning," he said, "before he comes to."

Dunning went through Smith's pockets. He found nothing at all except some small change and a wallet. Wolff opened the billfold, blinked for a moment at the card behind the square of celluloid. Then he smiled.

"That fixes him, Dunning. It makes his little blackmail attempt boomerang very nicely."

The card stated that William Garner was an agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

"What happened, Dudley? Who is that?" Anne Wolff, Dudley's wife, stood in the doorway watching them. Her voice, though surprised, was cool. Anne Wolff was a cool person, poised and self-assured. Even her rather startling beauty had something of the cool, smooth quality of a Grecian marble.

Wolff said, "He's a detective who had an odd idea that he could blackmail Dudley Wolff. I hit him and took what he wanted to sell."

Dunning, who had gone to kneel at the man's side, said nervously, "I don't like— I can't feel his pulse and he doesn't seem to be breathing."

Wolff scowled. "Better get Haggard."

Dr. Haggard asked no questions. He moved across to the man on the floor and knelt above him.

After a long moment he straightened up and looked at the gun in Wolff's hand. "What happened? I don't see any wound, and I heard no shot. But this man is dead."

Wolff shook his head in a dazed fashion. "Dead? I don't believe it! He can't be! I—I hit him, but not that hard. He might have cracked his head when he went over, but—but—dammit, it isn't possible—"

Haggard bent above the body again. "He's still dead. Bad heart, probably. Who was he?"

"Man named Garner. He tried to blackmail me."

Haggard blinked. "Oh. That's a bit awkward, isn't it?" He picked up the phone. "I must notify the police. Cases of sudden or violent death must be—"

Wolff spoke up abruptly: "Wait a minute, Haggard!"

"Yes?"

"You're not going to call the police. I can't have this hit the papers now. The Senate Committee—" Wolff's rugged face had a cornered look. "If the body shouldn't be found at all—"

He turned toward one of the casement windows, pulled one side of it in, and looked out into the blackness above the icy waters of the Sound, which on this side touched the foundations of the house two stories below.

"It wouldn't work, Wolff," Haggard said. "The body would be washed up, and there wouldn't be any water in the lungs. The conclusion would be only too obvious. Besides, I can't allow it. I—"

Wolff turned, scowling. "You'll have to. Haggard, you've been working nearly ten years on that problem of yours. You're right on the edge of something big. How long would it take you to reach the same point if you had to begin again from scratch? It would be too bad if—"

"You—you wouldn't—" began the doctor.

"I own that lab and everything in it. I can do what I like with it. And I will—if necessary."

Haggard glared. "All right, damn you," he said. "You win. But what do you think you can do about that body? There's no way—"

The answer came from Anne Wolff. Quietly she said, "Dudley. The Pines."

Wolff was silent for a moment. Then very slowly he said, "Yes. Of course. No one would ever know."

"The Pines?" Haggard asked. "What—"

"Graveyard," Wolff said. "Old one. Here on the estate. It's in a pine grove quarter of a mile east of the house. No one ever goes there."

Wolff, Haggard, and Dunning worked hard for the next two hours. It was no easy job carrying the body the distance it had to go, but they did it. There were half a dozen graves there in the small clearing beneath the dark pines. The men dug steadily, somewhat frantically, by the shielded light of an electric torch.

Dunning helped the doctor lower the blanket-wrapped body into the hole. Then they finished the job hurriedly.

There was a good-sized heap of earth left over when they were done. They scuffed a covering of pine needles over it and moved off hastily, eager to get back to the warmth and light of the house.

And, in the cold black of the thick woods behind them, a man squatted silently on the ground watching the light recede. He had been there a long time without moving, and he was cold. But his lips smiled.

WHEN I got back to my apartment in the city, I phoned the Wolff house and asked for Kathryn.

"Miss Wolff is engaged at the moment," Phillips said coldly.

I called again the next morning.

"Miss Wolff," Phillips said, "is out of town."

I was certain he was giving me the run-around. I sent Kay a wire and an air-mail special letter. I stayed at home all evening waiting for an answer to the wire. Finally it came in. It read:

DON'T SQUANDER PRECIOUS BANK ACCOUNT ON WIRES AND PHONE CALLS. USELESS.
KATHRYN WOLFF.

If you know of any better excuse for getting tight, I don't want to hear it. I spent a couple of hours in a bar on Lexington Avenue, and managed to forget my troubles temporarily. But they were all back again the next morning, along with the headache.

I tried hard to push Kay and thoughts of her down into my subconscious, but the going was tough. For a week, while hunting a new job in a desultory way, I lived in a pretty dense daze.

Then, one day, I went for a walk, ambling toward Times Square. I had some vague idea that perhaps I might be able to circumvent the censors at the Wolff house and get a letter forwarded to Kathryn, wherever she was, by using code or maybe invisible ink. Since the Great Merlini's Magic Shop was the local headquarters for that sort of thing, I went there.

Burt Fawkes, Merlini's shop assistant, greeted me: "Hello, Ross. Where have you been? The boss was trying to get you yesterday."

"I've been around. Is he in?"

"No. He's over at the Drury Lane. He wants you to stop in. Some script changes in those sketches you wrote for the show. And, by the way, Merlini is shy an angel. Somebody has to be cast for the part quick before we lose our shirts."

I headed for the Drury Lane. The Great Merlini, it appeared, in spite of being a magician, was up to his neck in trouble.

He was at the moment engaged in a project more ambitious than any he had yet attempted—the Hocus-Pocus Revue, a full-dress magical-musical complete with chorus, singers, dancers, a cast that included half a dozen top-flight magicians, and a libretto shot through with streamlined mystification.

I entered the Drury Lane on Forty-fifth Street, and heard, in the dark of the auditorium, Merlini's voice: "Bring in the tank and let's run through that. And I want the lights—spots, foots, and the underwater circuit."

I took a seat in the third row beside the magician, whose tall spare frame extended out into the aisle. His black eyes sparkled with their customary alertness, and his magician's air of self-confidence was there too, making him appear, as always, at least fifteen years younger than the sixty his Who's Who biography admits.

"Burt," I said, when Merlini could see me, "mentioned a little something about angel trouble."

Merlini nodded glumly. "He pulled out. And the Broadway angel crop, this late in the season, has been pretty thoroughly picked over."

BEHIND us a familiar voice suddenly said, "I think perhaps I can supply one."

I nearly did a vanishing act of my own, a descent through the floor. The voice was Kathryn Wolff's.

Merlini said, "You think you can supply—" He broke off suddenly. "What *have* you done to your hair?"

I could see nothing wrong with Kay's hair. It seemed to be just as usual, framing her face with gold and dropping down to break in a bright curling foam around her neck.

"What goes on here?" I asked. "What color did you think her hair was? It's always been blonde."

"Not during rehearsals last week it wasn't," Merlini said, eying me with some suspicion. "It was a dark shade of brunette. Apparently you two know each other?"

I nodded. "We did. But something slipped. Look, Kay, were you here rehearsing with Merlini all week?"

Merlini answered, "She's on the payroll, such as it is. She gets sawed in half in the first act, and is magically patched up again in time to go to town on the Sleight of Heart song. And, as press agent, I want you to see that Miss Lamb gets—"

"Miss *who?*" I blurted.

"Lamb." Merlini scowled at me. "L-a-m-b. Who did you think she was?"

"I know who she is. She's a *Wolff* in—"

Kay cut in, addressing Merlini: "I was wearing a wig on account of the detectives."

"Oh, I see," Merlini said, not seeing any more than I did. "You're a fugitive from something?"

"From home. Dad and I disagreed, and I decided not to darken his door again, at least until he calmed down."

Slowly, as if to see how it sounded, Merlini said, "Wolff. Kathryn Wolff."

Kathryn nodded. "And now, don't you want to hear about the angel I found?"

"Yes," he said. "Wolff—that isn't the angel's name too, by any chance?"

"It is. It's dad. He's in a jam." She hesitated. "It's—well, it's a ghost."

If the silence that followed had been set aside to cool, it would have jelled.

"I know how it sounds," Kay said. "But I'm serious. Merlini, you've got to help. You're chairman of the American Scientist's psychic investigating committee. You say you can duplicate any occult phenomenon by ordinary magician's means. The only other person who knows nearly as much about such things is Francis Galt."

"Has Galt approved the ghost?" Merlini asked.

"No," she said. "Not yet. He's still investigating. But I'm afraid he will. Dad's got his wind up badly."

MERLINI regarded her thoughtfully. "What does Mrs. Wolff think?"

Kay said, "You know who she was when dad married her?"

Merlini nodded. "That's why I asked."

"Pardon me," I said, "but I'm way behind. Who was she?"

"She was a medium," Merlini answered. "She made a bit of a stir in psychic circles back in '35. Her particular phenomena were the production of cold breezes of apparent astral origin, and spirit lights. Galt made a favorable report concerning her in the Journal of Psychic Research. A year or so later Wolff married her."

Kay went on: "Anne's as scared as dad is. When we saw the ghost this morning, she fainted."

"Oh, you've seen it too?"

"Yes. This morning—in the upper hall. We were all there—dad, Anne, Dunning—"

Merlini stopped her: "Please. We're not going at this right at all. Let's go way back to the beginning and then sneak up on the ghost slow and easy. When was it that you disagreed with your father and left home?"

"Sunday a week ago. I knew you had issued a casting call for Monday morning, and I ducked out. I took an apartment in the Village, and rehearsed here all week. Then, on Sunday, I went out to the house to pick up some clothes. Phillips—he's the butler—was upset. The maids and the cook had left on Friday without giving notice, the day after Scotty Douglass disappeared."

"Who is Scotty?" Merlini asked.

"Our boatkeeper and general handyman. No one has seen him since Wednesday night. His things are still in his rooms over the boathouse. He has simply vanished."

"Were the police notified?"

"No. Phillips suggested that, but dad vetoed it. Phillips isn't exactly a cheerful soul. There was a murder once at a place where he worked—an unsolved one—and I've always felt that he rather looked forward to the next one. Dad knows him and discounts his viewing with alarm. He told Phillips that Scotty had probably gone off, as he's done before, on a drinking spree."

"Let's see," Merlini said. "Scotty vanishes on Thursday. The maids and the cook light out on Friday. Did they see the ghost?"

"I don't know. I think it was the midnight noises. There are rappings all through the house, and footsteps. Dishes get out of the china closet in the night and break

themselves. The last few nights pictures have begun to change places on the walls."

Merlini's interest waxed rapidly. "Poltergeist phenomena," he said. "Best grade. Your father and Galt should be tickled at such a chance to investigate."

"That's what I expected. But it hasn't worked out that way. Dad seems worried and upset. If it isn't a ghost, it has to go somewhere—and there's no place for it to go. Dad has the house wired with the latest thing in burglar alarms—a photoelectric system. A mouse couldn't get in or out without setting off a bell."

Merlini took out a cigarette and tapped it thoughtfully. "And what happened this morning?"

"We were all standing in the hall, when something made me glance up toward the head of the stairs." Kay's voice was a low half whisper. "It stood there looking down at us, watching quietly as if it had been there for a long time. I cried out, and father turned and looked. I saw his face change. It was as if something had struck him a violent physical blow. Dunning looked almost as shocked as father. Anne fainted.

"And then, quickly, the figure moved. The upper hall is shadowy and dark. It seemed to melt back into it. And just as it vanished the doorbell rang.

"Phillips opened the door for Francis Galt. Father had phoned him. 'Well,' he said, 'where's your ghost?'

"Dunning said, 'It's up there. We saw it just now!' Galt went up the steps three at a time. Phillips followed him. And that's all."

"All?" Merlini said. "Then Galt found nothing?"

"Nothing. He searched the house. And yet the alarm system was still operating."

Merlini said, "You haven't told us the most important thing, you know—what the ghost looked like."

"Well, he seemed to be very dirty, as if he had been lying on the ground. His clothes were streaked with dried mud. He wore a black hat, crumpled and out of shape, and a dark overcoat. His face was thin and sharp, with deep black eyes—and as white as paper. He had a thin mustache that curved down around his mouth, and a black short-cropped beard."

"I do wish," Merlini said slowly, "that this ghost had picked some other house to haunt. I put the skids under one of Dudley Wolff's ghosts once, and he didn't like it."

"But," Kay objected, "it's different this time. He's not afraid you might expose the ghost as a fake; he's scared that no one can. And he's so sure it's the real thing he'll jump at the chance to show you up. Suppose I get him to cover that challenge money with some of his own? That'll get you ten grand—"

"Or," Merlini said unhappily, "lose it."

While he was thinking about it, I vaulted the back of my seat, sat down in the row behind next to Kathryn, and talked fast:

"I've been trying to reach you all week. I suspect that your loving father and his trusty henchmen have sidetracked all phone calls, letters, and telegrams—and even answered one wire pretending to be you."

Kay seemed uncertain. "Then you didn't get my note?"

"No. I haven't had one single solitary—"

"But I wrote one. Sunday morning. I told you where to reach me. I said, 'Come back. All is forgiven.'"

"You didn't mail the note in person, did you?"

"No, I gave it to Phillips. Oh, damn!" Her hand grasped mine.

Merlini stood up. "If you can fix it so I'm not thrown out on my ear the minute I set foot in the house—"

"I will," Kay promised. "Can you come now?"

"No. There are a million things I must do here first. Besides, you'd better go ahead and smooth the way."

"Smooth some for me too," I said. "I'm sitting in on this. I'll go as Merlini's assistant ghost exterminator."

Merlini made a prediction: "Tonight is going to be interesting, whatever happens. I can see that."

IT was almost ten before Merlini could get away. I took the wheel and stepped on the gas. After a while I said, "Tell me, how come you're in Dudley Wolff's little black book, too?"

"Do you remember Jeanne Veiller?" Merlini asked.

"The name's familiar."

"She was Dudley Wolff's 1934 candidate for the psychic Pulitzer Prize. She specialized in ectoplasmic forms. Wolff and Galt applied all the usual tests for fraud. Result: negative. So they announced that the ectoplasm was the genuine McCoy. Jeanne put in a claim for the American Scientist challenge money.

"I went over the séance photos Galt had taken with a fine-toothed magnifying glass a dozen times before I found a clue—a faint dark line along the edge of one ghost form that looked suspiciously like a selvage."

"Meaning the ectoplasm was all wool and a yard wide?"

"Yes, but not wool. Cheesecloth, the old stand-by. I

had to find out where she was hiding it. I saw to it that she disrobed completely in the presence of a medical man who gave her a thorough physical search. Then she went into a séance room where no ectoplasm could have been planted. The spectators—committeemen, newspapermen, Wolff, and Galt—watched from another room, through glass.

"The ectoplasm showed up right on schedule. And then, after posing for a few pictures, it dematerialized. Wolff and Galt were as pleased as Punch. And then I gave Burt the high sign. He wheeled in a portable X-ray machine we had waiting and took a quick candid shot of her midriff.

"That tore it. The photo showed the dark silhouette of a safety pin in her tummy. She had balled up the cheesecloth, held it together with the pin, swallowed it prior to the séance, regurgitated it for its ectoplasmic appearance, then gulped it down again.* The papers had a lot of fun with it. Wolff and Galt found themselves neck-deep in the wrong sort of publicity."

"I can see why you might shy away from any ghost of Wolff's. But if Kay is right, if he really does want this one laid—"

"He may convince easier. *If* she's right. If not, we won't get past the front door."

Apparently Kay was right, for we did get in. Merlini gave Phillips his things and looked interestedly at the camera that was set up on a tripod facing the stairs. Then Phillips showed us into a living room. Dudley Wolff was there, with Kay and Francis Galt. And just as we got through saying "Hello," Dunning came in. His pale face was at least two shades lighter.

"Some one," he said with a rush, "has forced a case in the gun room. There are four guns missing. And cartridges to fit!"

We all hurried across the hall to the room just at the foot of the stairs. Wolff's gun collection was the sort that would make any museum curator mutter enviously in his sleep. He had gone the whole hog from arquebuses to Zigzag Derringers. The four walls were covered ceiling-high with firearms. In the center of the room glass-covered exhibition cases held smaller collections. There was a collection of Colts, one of dueling pistols, and one labeled "Special Purpose Arms."

Wolff and Dunning went to this last case. There were empty spaces above two of the cards. Merlini read the inscription on one aloud: "'Campbell & Harris Spring Gun. .25-caliber.'" He looked up at Wolff. "What is a spring gun?"

"A trap gun," Wolff answered. "Fasten it to a tree or anchor it in the ground, tie a string to the hole provided

*Harry Price in London also discovered Miss Helen Duncan using the same subterfuge. He reports it in his books, Regurgitation and the Duncan Mediumship and Leaves from a Psychist's Case-Book.

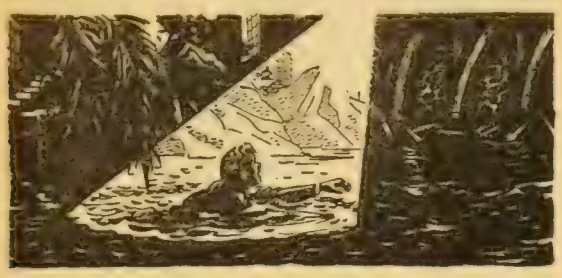
in the trigger, and stretch it across an animal run. Anything touching the string—"

Merlini nodded. "I get the idea. I don't like it much." He read from the second card, "Vest-Pocket Model Revolver. Smallest practical 5-shot revolver made. .25-caliber. Grip and trigger folds up around cylinder, making it easy to carry in vest pocket or ladies' purse. Weight, 5½ ounces. Length when folded, 3 inches.'"

Wolff pulled open a drawer beneath the table. "Dunning, you said four guns. What others—"

"Two of the .38 target pistols are gone."

Wolff scowled. "You can forget those. I took them this morning." He lifted a cardboard carton from the drawer and looked inside. "This what you meant when you said there were cartridges missing?"



Dunning nodded. "Yes. That box of .25s was unopened this morning. Now there are six shells missing. The trap gun would hold one, the vest-pocket revolver five."

"Those two guns you took, Wolff," Merlini asked. "Where are they?"

The man motioned toward his hip. "I've got one. I gave Mrs. Wolff the other. They're both loaded."

Merlini lifted the glass top of the special-purpose-arms case and peered at it through the light. He said, "We can, apparently, strike the family ghost off the list of suspects."

Galt frowned. "What does that mean?"

"Well," Merlini said dryly, "I'm inclined to boggle at any haunt who lifts a corner of his shroud and carefully wipes away any possible prints he may have left behind."

"At any rate," said Wolff, "those two guns haven't gone far. They're here in this house. The burglar alarm has been working all day."

Kay moved with sudden decision toward the phone on the table. "I'm going to call the police."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," Wolff said flatly. "I don't want the police. Dunning, go out to the switchbox in the hall. Stand by to shut off the alarm when it rings."

Wolff crossed the room, pulled a window open, and pointed to a round hole in the window frame. "An ultra-violet light in there sends a beam of black light diagonally across the window opening. It is reflected by a small countersunk mirror on the opposite side and recrosses to center on a photoelectric cell." He indicated another, lower hole in the frame near the sill. "Even an intruder who knew where the beam was wouldn't be able to edge past it. And the moment his body interrupts the beam—"

He put his hand within the window opening. The loud strident clamor of an alarm bell came instantly. Then Dunning threw a switch and the ringing stopped.

Wolff called, "Phillips!" The butler hurried in. Wolff went on: "There are two guns missing from this room. The cook is new today. I want you to search her room."

Phillips blinked. "Yes, sir." He went out.

Wolff waited a moment, then said, "And, Dunning, while he's doing that, you search his room!"

Dunning's blink was even more pronounced, but he too started off.

Francis Galt seemed amused. "This looks like a game of musical chairs. Who searches Dunning's room?"

Wolff had that answer ready: "You do."

I thought for a moment that Galt was going to refuse, but then he shrugged and turned. He stopped in the doorway. "My bag of photographic equipment is here in the hall by the camera," he said. "It's unlocked."

Wolff didn't beat around the bush. "Thanks," he said flatly. "I'll look at it."

Galt said stiffly, "But don't move the camera. It's all set and carefully focused on the stairs."

He turned on his heel and vanished into the hall. Wolff crossed to the suitcase beside the camera tripod and began examining its contents. I took a look at the camera. It was a Speed Graphic with a synchronized flash. It was tilted back and focused at twenty feet. Above the stair's top step the second-floor hallway was dark.

Merlini flipped a wall switch. Nothing happened. The upstairs hall remained as black as ever. Wolff looked up, surprised. "That's funny. Galt put in a photo-flood bulb up there so he'd have plenty of light when we wanted it. It worked all right before. Some one—"

I heard the quick intake of Wolff's breath and glimpsed the terror that was on his face. My gaze jerked upward.

The ghost was there on the second floor beyond the balcony rail—a white blur of face and two hands floating in the dark. It was the same face Kay had described, thin, sharp-featured, with a thin mustache and close-cropped beard. Black eyes, like the cut-out holes in a mask, stared down, fixed on Wolff. And, slowly, one hand moved, its forefinger pointing.

Merlini's voice struck out at me, a thin knife-edged whisper. "Camera, Ross! Quick!"

I grabbed the cable release, pressed it, and then jumped. The flare of the camera's flash bulb was accompanied by a completely unexpected reverberating roar!

Then I saw the gun in Wolff's hand kick back and saw him steady it to fire again. In the same instant his target moved swiftly sideways to the right and vanished. I went up the stairs three at a time, but when I reached the top the hallway was pitch-dark. I looked back and saw Merlini starting after me. Then my ears caught the sound of a door closing. A second later all hell broke loose.

The first shot was followed by a woman's high scream. A second report cut across that, and then three more followed in rapid succession. I ducked, not at all sure who was being fired at. Merlini was at my side now.

Somewhere in the darkness ahead a faint ghostly glimmer of white moved. The crash of the gun came again, louder this time, streaking the dark with flame. And then from the opposite end of the corridor footsteps pounded up the back stairs and rushed toward us behind the round bobbing eye of a pocket flash.

Galt's voice cried, "What the hell—"

But Merlini and I were racing toward the white night-robed figure that faced an open bedroom door at the hall's end. It was Mrs. Wolff, and the gun in her hand pointed in at the open door and spurted noise and flame once again as we plunged toward her. I grabbed her arm, twisted the gun from her grasp, and faced the doorway.

I clicked the wall switch and the room filled with a soft rose glow from shaded lamps. There was no one there. Merlini searched the closet and then tried the only other door. It was locked and the key was on this side. Both windows were closed. One had three holes in it. Two more bullets had gone into the wall to the left, a sixth had smashed through a framed water color.

MERLINI looked at Galt and indicated the locked door. "And this goes where?"

"Connecting bath through into Wolff's room and that opens out into the hall again. There's no other exit. You won't find a thing. This is exactly what happened this morning."

Merlini took Galt's flash and went back out into the hall. The sound of voices and running feet came from the stairway. Merlini turned his light in that direction "Phillips," he ordered, "stay there and watch those stairs Dunning, do something about some light."

I didn't hear the rest. I was staring at the dark square of the window that held the bullet holes. A dim shape had materialized outside—the white blur of a man's face. I raised the gun I had taken from Mrs. Wolff. The face jerked swiftly down out of sight.

"Got him!" I shouted. "In here. Hurry!"

I threw myself forward across the room, pulled the window open and leaned forward, gun ready. Instantly the alarm bell burst into life, and at the same moment

a hand shot up, clamped around my wrist, and twisted it. A voice close beside my ear ordered, "Drop that gun!"

Pain stabbed up along my arm and the gun fell from my fingers. Then some one was beside me and a flashlight beam shot down on my opponent's face.

It was the chauffeur, Leonard. He was standing on a rose trellis. Now he clambered in over the sill.

Wolff's voice came from the hall: "What happened, Leonard?"

"Nothing, sir. I was on guard at the corner of the house when somebody started to lay down a barrage. I jumped for the trellis and started up. Then a light came on, and I see this guy with a gun in his hand—"

Merlini said, "If Leonard insists that no one could have slipped down that trellis past him—"

"They certainly couldn't," Leonard scowled. "Besides, with that burglar alarm working, how could any one—"

"It doesn't look very practical," Merlini said glumly. "One door, locked on the inside. Burglar alarm on the windows *and* a witness just outside. It's not bad."

Galt had gone downstairs and turned off the alarm bell. I followed Merlini to the door, and saw Dunning climb down from the chair on which he had been standing. In the ceiling socket a photo-flood bulb shone brightly. "It was loose in the socket," said Dunning.

I surveyed the hall. Wolff's room was directly opposite. There was another a few feet away. Mrs. Wolff stood backed against it rigidly, Kay at her side. There was a third door beyond and across from this, near the head of the stairs where Phillips stood.

Wolff took his wife's arm. "What did you see?"

Anne's voice was a flat dull monotone: "I had just gone to bed when I heard the shot downstairs. Then there was something in the hall outside my door. And the doorknob turned. I heard footsteps, and I saw—"

Wolff cut in, "What we saw this morning?"

She nodded. "Yes. It moved toward the window. I picked up the gun from the bedside table. I fired. I—I think I cried out. I fired again and again. The figure moved as though the shots made no difference. I ran for the hall and— Oh, Dudley, I'm afraid. What I saw is—"

Wolff shook her arm. "That's enough, Anne," he said quickly. And then, as he spoke, the rigid tension of her body relaxed. She swayed unsteadily. Wolff put his arm around her. "Guest room!" he said. "Quick!"

Galt opened the door at the head of the stairs and Wolff carried her in. He came back in a moment.

Merlini tried the door against which Mrs. Wolff had been standing. It was locked. "What's in there?"

"Mr. Wolff's study," Dunning answered.

FRANCIS GALT joined us. "Well," he asked, "are you satisfied now?"

Merlini nodded. "Satisfied that there's monkey business afoot. You tested that photo-flood bulb after putting it in the ceiling socket in the hall?"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, I know ghosts don't like light. But when they unscrew bulbs—"

"I'll admit I don't like that. But if what you saw at the head of the stairs was a flesh-and-blood person, how could he have vanished into thin air?"

Merlini took out a half dollar and flipped it once in the air. Then he held it by the extreme edge between thumb and forefinger. He laid it carefully on the palm of his left hand and slowly closed his fingers over it. "My closed fist is the locked room. The coin is good solid metal, and yet—" His fingers opened. His hand was empty.

"Galt, I saw some fingerprinting equipment in your suitcase downstairs. Would you send Dunning up with it? And then take a look at that camera. I want to know if our ghost was solid enough to make an impression on the plate. Ross snapped the shutter just in time."

Galt went out on the double-quick.

"And," Merlini added, "we need a good thorough search of this house. Ross, you and Leonard do it. And don't go barging into any rooms without taking a good look first—not as long as that trap gun is still missing."

Leonard and I started out just as Dunning arrived carrying Galt's fingerprint roller, ink, cards, and an iodine fumer. I heard him report, "Mr. Galt says he's developing the film. He's fixing up a darkroom in a bathroom downstairs."

Leonard and I hit a snag in our search right at the start—Wolff's study. I held out my hand toward Wolff. "May I have the key?"

"I don't think it will be necessary to search that room," he said heavily. "You won't find anything in there. No one has been in that room for a week."

Merlini spoke up: "Never mind the study, Ross. We'll cross that bridge later."

Leonard and I spent the next hour poking and prying. We went over the place from attic to wine cellar. We found no ghost and no guns.

As we went back to file our report, Galt hurried up the stairs carrying a dripping film. He seemed excited. Together we went into Wolff's room, where Wolff was watching Merlini take Dunning's fingerprints. We all crowded around Galt as he held the film up against a lamp.

The ghost was there right enough, one hand outstretched, pointing down toward the camera. And the background behind him, the baseboard and the pattern of the wallpaper, showed clearly through his body. Our ghost was, as all good ghosts should be, transparent!

"WELL," said Galt, "to avoid losing that prize money you'll have to duplicate this photo. And that won't be easy."

Merlini gave Galt a sharp look, took the negative, held it before the light, and examined it closely. "I'd have to find this same man and have him pose. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes. And that's impossible," said Wolff.

Merlini faced him. "So we come to it at last, do we? You know who the ghost is. I couldn't get him to pose because he's dead and buried. Is that it?"

Wolff nodded hopelessly. "Yes. That's it."

"Well, go on. Who was he? What makes you so sure he's dead?"

Wolff acted scared to death, yet he was obstinate as ever. "I can't tell you that."

"The figure we saw is so like the dead man that no one could have impersonated him?"

"Yes."

"And," Galt objected, "you can't even suggest any such theory until you've explained how an impersonator could have escaped—"

"Perhaps," Merlini said calmly, "I'd better save time and do it now." He pointed at the bathroom door. "Lock that, Galt. Dunning, go down and stand guard at the burglar-alarm control. Make sure it's operating. The rest of you come out in the hall."

When Dunning called up that the alarm was on, Merlini stepped back into the room as though entering a magician's cabinet, and gave us his good-natured but exasperating professional smile. "Let me have thirty seconds," he said, and the door slammed.

Galt pushed the door open right on the dot. Then he swore fervently. The burglar alarm hadn't emitted a peep. Yet Merlini had vanished.

In a minute we heard the magician's voice. It said, "All right, Dunning. You're relieved." And it came from the hall downstairs!

When he joined us again, Galt growled, "Well, let's have it."

Merlini shook his head. "Not so fast. That escape is a good trick. My business is selling tricks. I'll have to make a charge. I want to know who this alleged ghost is, and I want to examine that study."

Wolff said flatly, "No!"

"Wolff," Merlini said, "I can't help you unless I get some co-operation. Come on, Ross. We're leaving."

Wolff didn't seem to care.

"This," I complained as the door closed behind us, "is just swell! Heaven knows what will happen in there next—and you have to get us tossed out on our ears!"

Merlini grinned. "We've got to find out what Wolff is

holding back. We can't do it under his eagle eye. But if he thinks we've gone, and we return on the q.t.—"

I raced the motor a bit as we moved off, so that Wolff could hear it. Two hundred yards from the house I turned off the drive and parked under some trees. We left the car there and made our way cautiously back toward the house. At a spot from which we could watch the house without being seen, we settled down to wait.

"How," I asked, "did you work that escape trick?"

"Oh," he said, "I just went out the window and down the trellis!"

"Do you mean the burglar alarm is a pushover?"

"Oh, no. It would trip up the unsuspecting prowler. But when you know that it's there and how it operates, getting past it isn't too hard. I had Galt's flashlight and I simply centered the beam on the photoelectric cell while I crossed the sill. As long as the cell gets light, black or white, the alarm is a sleeping dog."

"Then either there's still another way out of that room, or there are ghosts and Wolff collects ten grand!"

"Yes. That's why I couldn't tell them I had escaped by the window."

Merlini suddenly made a William S. Hart gesture, brought out a revolver in each hand, and gave one to me. "Yours is the one you dropped out the window when Leonard grabbed you. I salvaged it in passing after my escape trick. This other is Dudley's. I picked his pocket. As soon as the house has settled down for the night, we're going back in to investigate Wolff's study."

All six chambers of my gun held dead soldiers. "I can't bring down any ghosts with this," I protested.

"Mine's going to be unloaded too," he replied, ejecting the cartridges. "Then, if we're apprehended, we'll only have to take the rap for second-degree burglary."

The lights in the house went out after a while—all but the one in Wolff's room. After an hour Merlini said, "We can't wait all night. We'll have to chance it."

We sneaked up to the house and climbed the trellis. Merlini put the hex on the burglar alarm's evil eye with the flashlight, and we made our way to the study door.

Merlini started to work on the lock. Finally, after what seemed like hours of nerve-racking tension, I heard the metallic click which meant that the cylinder had turned. Simultaneously, from somewhere belowstairs, came the furtive, cautious tread of footsteps!

We stood for a long moment, motionless. Then the sounds died away. Merlini whispered, "Stand pat. If anything happens, jump for the bedroom."

He moved off toward the stairs. I waited for another eternity in a dark and lonesome void. Then I heard the footsteps again, this time from the back stairs at the hall's far end. The flicker of a flashlight appeared in the arched opening of the door at their top. I got a glimpse of Merlini's tall figure standing at the head of the main stairs. His return was impossible, and I saw him dodge quickly down into the shadows toward the front hall.

I took a step toward Mrs. Wolff's room, then stopped. I couldn't use the window. Merlini had the flashlight! In another second the man would reach the hall. His light would find me. I flattened back against the door, felt it move inward, and stepped backward into the study.

Half a second later an arm hooked around my neck, jerking my head up and back. Something hard and heavy struck my head. Falling, one faint memory lingered for a moment—the rough prickly feel of my attacker's bearded jaw as it scraped against the side of my face!

Later—how much later I had no way of knowing—I felt the chill night air against my face and pain pounding in my head. I seemed to be upside down, arms dangling. Then I realized I was lying across a windowsill. My ankles were bound together and weighted. And at that moment two hands gripped my legs and lifted them, tipping my body out. I somersaulted through the air. Then icy water closed over me.

I DOUBLED, knees against chest, and strained to reach the encircling stricture that held my ankles. It was wire—electric-light cord. I jerked off my shoes and tore at the circle of wire, trying to shove it down over my heels. The tying job had apparently been hasty. There was just enough slack. I shot upward to the surface.

As I struggled in the choppy waves, I saw that there was a light in the study window. I began to swim in a dazed automatic fashion, heading for a sun deck that extended into the water. I had covered half the distance when the shots came—two, close together.

I thought my attacker was trying to finish me off. But, looking up, I saw that the study window was closed, its yellow square of light empty. I kept one eye on it as I swam, ready to submerge if necessary.

Just as I reached the porch some one threw open the study window and leaned out. The long beam of a flashlight shot down, swept across the water, and centered full on me. I waited hopelessly for the shot. Instead, a voice shouted, "Sergeant! There's a man down there!"

A moment later footsteps pounded across the deck and a long arm reached down to help me up. Merlini's voice said, "Ross! Are you all right?"

"Oh, s-sure," I chattered. "C-come on in. The water's f-fine."

The sergeant arrived then, and together they rushed me upstairs. I heard Phillips' voice at the phone shakily demanding that Dr. Haggard come at once.

Before the open door of the study stood the man whose light had found me in the water. He was a police lieutenant, a wiry, slender individual with a grim look on his face and a coldly suspicious stare.

"Who the hell," he demanded, "are you?"

"Friend of mine," Merlini answered quickly. "Explain later. We've got to get him—"

He may have said something more; I don't know. I was staring past the lieutenant into the study. There were two bodies on the floor!

Dudley Wolff was sprawled face down in a dark wet stain. Beyond him lay Anne Wolff. I looked up. "Dead?"

The lieutenant nodded slowly. "Yes. What do you know about it?"

"N-nothing." I tried hard to sound confident, but my chattering teeth destroyed that illusion completely.

MERLINI interrupted: "Lieutenant Flint, he won't be any use as a witness if he dies of pneumonia. Question him later."

The lieutenant threw open the door to Wolff's bedroom and said, "O. K., Sergeant Lovejoy. In here."

Lovejoy helped me strip off my wet clothes. I had an uncomfortable feeling when he discovered the revolver in my trousers. Then Dr. Haggard hurried in, examined the bump on my head, and said, "You'll be all right. Get some sleep." I took his advice.

When I awoke, Merlini was shaking me and the cold gray light of dawn was beginning to glow at the windows. "Wake up," he said. "Morning's at seven—and the inquisition is about to inquisit."

Lieutenant Flint was there too. He went to the window overlooking the Sound, put his head out, and scowled at the water. I scowled too, remembering something.

"I don't hear any bells."

"No," Flint said. "Wolff didn't think an alarm was needed on the windows over the water." He paused, then added slowly, "I guess he didn't figure on a murderer making a getaway by doing a high dive."

I tried to overlook that crack. "So that's why there were no loud alarums when I put out to sea."

Then Flint pounced like a hungry cat. "So you admit you were in the study? And you dived out the window after the shooting, and—"

I shook my head energetically. "Hold it!" I let him have the whole story. When I finished, he looked at Merlini. "Well, you heard him. Are you still insisting he's in the clear?"

"Afraid so," Merlini said. "You see, I've known him long enough to know that if he were the murderer he'd have cooked up a better yarn than that one."

Flint said, "He is going to cook up a better one."

"Hadn't you better check this one first?" Merlini asked. "Mrs. Wolff's evidence ought to tell us—"

I jumped. *"Mrs. Wolff?* She's alive? She wasn't—"

"Anne Wolff wasn't shot," Merlini explained. "She just fainted."

"Both bullets in Wolff?"

"Yes. A third bullet hole is in the wall to the left of the fireplace."

"A third? But there were only two shots."

"I know. I only heard two myself. But there was a bullet in the wall just the same—.25-caliber, like the ones in Wolff."

"Now that," I said, "*is* interesting. And has the lieutenant here noticed that the gun found on me is a .38?"

"And so what?" Flint wanted to know. "Maybe you're a two-gun man. You had plenty of reason for wanting Wolff out of the way. But you made one mistake."

"What was it?"

"You forgot to leave the gun you shot Wolff with in Mrs. Wolff's hand. As soon as it's low tide and I fish it up off the bottom—"

"Wow!" I cried, sitting up. "Came the dawn! So that's it. That's why Anne gets a clean bill of health. There was no gun in the room!"

"Right," Flint nodded. "No gun—and no ghost."

I turned to Merlini. "Twenty-five-caliber. Sounds like the mysteriously missing vest-pocket gun."

Merlini underscored that. "They didn't find any gun. But they found a few things in the room," Merlini said, "that may or may not be clues. One of the two study keys was on Wolff's ring, the other on the floor by the desk. There was some broken glass which, fitted together, form a disk an inch and a half in diameter. There were four thumbtack holes on the top of the bookcase just to the left of the door."

"Mrs. Wolff? They searched her for the gun?"

The lieutenant glared at me. "I got a female doctor. That gun left the room the same way you did—out the window. And if you try to tell me she threw it out, you'll have to explain why you just said the window was closed from the time you heard the shots until I put my head out. That was a mistake, too."

I groaned. "Nothing came out that window. If the gun's not in the room now, it must have left the same way my murderous friend with the beard did—by the door."

The looks on both their faces told me I'd gone and put my foot in it again.

"O. K., Merlini," Flint said. "You tell him."

Merlini told me plenty. "I was at that study door before the reports of the shots died away. I couldn't get in, so I went to work on the lock again. The lieutenant arrived just as I got it open."

I turned to the lieutenant. "How did you happen to wander in?"

"After Wolff had bounced you and Merlini, your girl friend phoned the station and reported that a couple of guns had been stolen."

"And who," I asked Merlini, "came up those back stairs just before I went into the study?"

"Phillips. He had decided to take a look around. I ducked into the library, but as soon as the coast was clear I came up again. Just as I did so Anne Wolff came out of the guest room and started down the hall in the dark. I heard a door open and close softly.

"And then Wolff's door opened and he made tracks for the study! Before the door slammed shut I heard him cry, 'Anne!' in a thunderstruck tone of voice.

"I started down the hall with the idea of getting out via Mrs. Wolff's window. Then came those shots."

Some one knocked on our door. Then it opened and disclosed Sergeant Lovejoy, breathing hard. "Got something," he reported. "Joe saw a guy trying to get into the boathouse just now. The boys are bringing him up."

WHEN Joe's captive came into the room, my hope that the elusive phantom had been captured collapsed. The man couldn't very well have looked less like the subject of Galt's spirit photo.

"Lieutenant," he protested, "I havena done anything. Why—"

It was obvious as soon as he spoke who he was. The touch of Scottish accent told us that. "Douglass!" Flint exclaimed. "The missing boatkeeper. What are *you* doing here?"

"I came back to get my clothes from ma room."

"Where the hell have you been?"

Scotty looked at the floor. "I—well, I was lookin' for another job. I found one and I hae to get back."

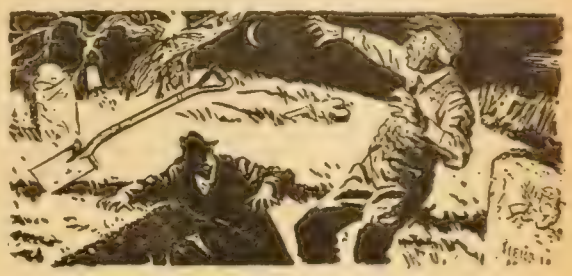
"Why'd you leave without notice? It wouldn't be because you saw a ghost, would it?"

The white tufts of cotton that were Scotty's eyebrows ascended like twin stratosphere balloons.

"Stop stalling and talk," demanded Flint. "When did you see this—this ghost?"

"Wednesday," he said. "Wednesday night."

Flint, pumping the story out of him piece by piece,



found eventually that the man had not only seen a ghost; it had chased him!

Flint didn't fancy the introduction of any additional spooks. "Yeah," he growled skeptically; "I'll bet the spirits that chased you came out of a bottle."

"Na!" the Scotsman protested. "I havena hae a drap since Sonday."

Flint turned disgustedly to Lovejoy. "Get him out of here and make him talk. And send Haggard up here."

Merlini said, "Lieutenant, were you able to reach Wolff's lawyers and find out about his will?"

Flint nodded. "Kathryn Wolff and Mrs. Wolff each get half. Dr. Haggard and Galt each get twenty-five grand for research. Dunning gets five thousand; Phillips and Douglass, two apiece."

When Lovejoy came back with the doctor, the latter was puffing nervously at a cigarette. "You wanted to see me?" he asked.

"Yes," said Flint. "Lovejoy, get Tucker."

Haggard stepped in and waited. Flint said, "What's Mrs. Wolff's condition? I've got to see her."

"She's sleeping. I gave her a sedative."

"You tell her about her husband?"

"No. I didn't think she could take it just then. After she's slept—"

A short, harassed-looking little man hurried in with a fistful of fingerprint cards and took Flint's attention. "Got a couple of things that look interesting."

"O. K., Tucker. Let's have 'em."

"I picked up a nice clear print on the rail at the head of the front stairs," he said. "I've checked against prints of every one in the joint. No soap."

Flint asked, "Anything else?"

Tucker nodded. "Plenty. A flock of prints that match the ones on the stair rail. A couple on the window in Mrs. Wolff's room, some on those pictures that fell off the walls last week, and the rest—"

He hesitated, aware that Flint wasn't going to like what came next.

"And the rest," he finished, "are all in the study."

Under the circumstances, Flint controlled himself remarkably well. All he did was bellow, "Haggard! I'm seeing Mrs. Wolff *now!*" He shot out through the door.

Haggard hurried after him. Then, as Merlini and I followed, Flint turned and growled, "Oh, no, you don't. You two are staying put." And Tucker shooed us back into Wolff's room and locked the door.

Merlini walked into the bathroom. He warned me with a glance, turned the doorknob carefully, and eased the door to Mrs. Wolff's room open a fraction of an inch.

Flint's voice was saying, "Why did your husband decide so suddenly a week ago to lock up that study?"

Mrs. Wolff's voice, worried, replied, "I haven't the faintest idea."

"You have a key to the study?"

"No. My husband and Dunning were the only ones who had keys. And he took Dunning's."

"And yet when you left the guest room you went directly to the study. What made you think that door would be unlocked?"

"I didn't. I wanted to see Dudley. I thought I was opening his door. It was because the door wasn't locked that I didn't realize I had opened the wrong one until I was inside. Why was it unlocked?"

Flint ignored that. "You went in. Go on. Then what?"

"I—I was curious to know why Dudley had locked the

room up. I started to look around. Then I heard some one in the hall outside. And then—the door opened." There was a mounting tenseness in her voice. "It was Dudley. He wanted to know what I was doing there. And then, in mid-sentence, he stopped. He stared past me over my shoulder. I started to turn, but something struck me on the head and everything went black. That's all I can remember. What happened? Who—"

Flint cut in, his voice grim: "You're positive there was some one else in that room?"

"Yes. I heard some one move. I didn't see him, but just as I turned I heard Dudley whisper, *'The ghost!'*"

Flint forgot himself and swore heavily.

Then Mrs. Wolff's voice, frightened, demanded, "Why are you here? What's happened to my husband?"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Wolff. Your husband was shot."

"He—he's dead?"

"Yes."

There was a silence. Then Haggard's voice said quickly, "You'd better let me handle this, lieutenant."

Flint came back to Wolff's room with Tucker at his heels. The fingerprint man was saying, "I have something else to report. I found a couple of other prints in the study—prints that do match the prints of one of the persons in this house."

He held out a fingerprint card. The name written across the top was: *Dr. Sydney Haggard.*

Then the burglar alarm clanged furiously, and outside the house hell popped. A car motor burst into sudden violent action and roared down the drive, followed by a frantic fusillade of shots.

We raced out into the hall just as a uniformed policeman with a gun in his hand opened the front door. He saw Flint and reported quickly, "A car came out of that garage like a bat out of hell."

Flint snapped, "Who was driving?"

"I couldn't see. He was hunched down. It was a blue Cadillac convertible. License 9V-315."

I grabbed for the stair rail when I heard that. The car was Kay's!

"Phone!" Flint ordered. "Get an alarm out. And keep the line open. I'll get you a description. I'm going to count noses."

That didn't take him long. Three minutes later he was at the phone rattling off a description of the one person who had not answered the roll call—Albert Dunning.

The lieutenant ordered Tucker to take Haggard into the library for questioning. I turned back to Wolff's room—and saw Merlini cautiously disappearing down the back stairs. A minute later he joined me. He made for the phone, a flossy intercommunicating gadget with a row of buttons as long as your arm.

"I detoured Flint and got into the library," he told me. "I hid the phone there in the table drawer and took the receiver off the hook. We've got a direct wire. We may be able to stay up to date on this case." Merlini glued his ear to the phone. He listened a moment, then said, "Haggard has insisted his fingerprints must have been left in the study a couple of weeks ago, he doesn't remember exactly when. Flint called that one. Galt's statement says he was in there a week ago Saturday night, just before Wolff suddenly decided to lock the study up. Flint wanted to know more. The doctor hemmed and hawed. And Flint is now reading him riot act No. 6. I hope—"

He stopped suddenly and gave his full attention to the phone.

I went out to the hall, slipped down to Kay's room, and begged the use of her phone. Haggard's voice was faint and far away, but I got enough to catch the gist of the story. He told Flint what had happened a week before in the study—and the pine grove.

When he finished, I hung up and gave Kay a rapid summary. Then I said, "Come on. I want to see Merlini."

We met Flint at the head of the stairs. "Miss Wolff," he said, "your car keys. Where'd you see them last?"

"I'm afraid I left them in the car."

He gave her a disgusted look, then hurried on down the hall and disappeared into Mrs. Wolff's room with Dr. Haggard. We followed, and Merlini came in after a moment. The magician said, "Garner's death may explain a good deal."

Flint boiled over. "How the blazing hell do you know anything about Garner?"

Merlini's dark eyes twinkled. "You forget, lieutenant, I'm a mind reader." He turned to Haggard. "You're quite sure the man was dead?"

Haggard nodded in a dazed fashion. Flint said, "If he wasn't dead then, he is now. They buried him."

"I know," Merlini admitted. "Don't you think we might take a look at that grave?"

"That's being done," Flint growled. "But I'm going there now. And you're tagging right along with me where I can watch you." He gave me a dirty look. "And you too. Haggard, show us where that grave is."

A half dozen stone markers in the little clearing sagged wearily with the weight of age. A blue uniform coat hung over one of them, and before another two red-faced patrolmen were industriously digging. Farther back, on the clearing's edge, Scotty Douglass watched dourly.

The officer in charge pointed to a sheet of newspaper spread out close by the grave. "Footprint. Nice neat one. Rubber-heel markings that oughta be a cinch."

Flint raised the paper and took a look. "Tucker, get your stuff and make a cast. Compare it with Wolff's, Dunning's, and Haggard's shoes."

As Tucker hurried off, Merlini said, "Lieutenant, take a look at friend Douglass. The subject of footprints seems to bother him."

We all looked at Scotty. If I ever saw a man who wanted to run like hell, he was it.

"O. K.," Flint snapped. "Step over here, Douglass."

THE man reluctantly shuffled over and lifted a foot for Flint's inspection.

"Well," said the lieutenant. "I guess this time you talk, don't you, Scotty? What do you know about what's buried in that grave?"

Scotty stood there, eyes cast down, and began speaking in a low tone. "I saw Mr. Wolff, Dunning, and the doctor carry something out of the house. I followed them. They buried what it was they had. When they went back I went back too. But then I was thinkin' it o'er, an' it did look verra fishy." Emotional tension brought Scotty's burr back again. "An' the more I thought, the more I dinna like it at a'. So then I got a spade—"

"How much time did you spend at this thinking?" Merlini asked.

"'Twas an hour before I went back. An' I dug in where they ha' been digging. It—it was a body I found." Scotty grew incoherent. "A dead body—it hae to be dead; it was lyin' there a' that time. And then—then—"

"Then what, Scotty?" Flint sounded apprehensive.

"You'll na believe me, but *it began to climb up out of that grave after me!*"

He was right. Flint didn't believe him. In an awed voice he said, "D.t.s.!"

Behind him, one of the men in the grave gave an exclamation. He was tugging at a gray flannel blanket that was streaked with dirt. He looked up into our staring faces. "D.t.s.?" he said. "Maybe—but there's no body here now!"

MERLINI'S eye held an enthusiastic gleam. "Lieutenant," he said, "don't you see that Scotty's story offers us the first halfway decent explanation of our ghost? We can skip all those false-whisker speculations as to who could be impersonating the dead man. It may very well be that the ghost is *the dead man himself!* No wonder Dudley Wolff had the wind up!"

"Dr. Haggard has certified the man was dead," said Flint. "He's got no reason to lie about that."

"I wouldn't let Dr. Haggard's diagnosis of death bother you too much," Merlini said. "Illness or hysteria sometimes induces a cataleptic coma in which pulse and respiration are so feeble they escape detection. A man may be pronounced dead when he isn't."

Flint turned to Dr. Haggard. "Well, what about it?"

Slowly Haggard said, "Death can be a very difficult thing to determine. There is only one absolutely certain sign—decomposition."

"Dammit," Flint burst out, "you aren't going to make me believe that any one could stay under four feet of sand and earth for one solid hour unless"—he gave Merlini a suspicious scowl—"unless he's a magician!"

Merlini grinned. "I think you may have something there. Only, just because I'm so handy, don't start barking up the wrong magician. The one that climbed up out of this grave was a conjurer of another color. Do you know anything about the magic of Egypt and Algiers?"

Flint looked anything but interested. "No, I don't. I've got along so far without it."

"Then perhaps this is where you change cars. The prize item in the fakirs' bag of tricks is voluntary burial alive in an apparent state of suspended animation. Take Rahman Bey. You'll find armloads of newspaper clippings at the public library documenting his case.

"Rahman Bey was an Egyptian who came to this country in 1926. He performed the burial-alive feat by having himself covered for eight minutes with a mound of sand.

"When he opened here at Loew's State, the press department called in the reporters for a special performance. Rahman popped into a trance, then into a watertight coffin which medical men admitted could not contain enough air to sustain life for more than three minutes after being hermetically sealed. But Rahman stayed in for twenty-one minutes while it was submerged in a swimming pool. He came out alive and smiling. He claimed that his cataleptic trance obviated the necessity for breathing.

"Harry Houdini stated flatly that none of Rahman's stunts was unusual. Rahman challenged him to duplicate the burial. Just to make it harder, he repeated it, this time staying under for a full hour. Houdini had to put up or shut up. He put up. He was sealed in a galvanized iron coffin and immersed in a pool for one hour and thirty-one minutes.

"Houdini announced he had used nothing more occult than a technique he termed 'shallow breathing.' He had lain perfectly still, using a minimum amount of energy, a great deal of will power and nerve, breathing as slowly and infrequently as possible, so that the air in the coffin lasted much longer than had been thought possible."

Flint cut in, "So what?" He pointed to the grave. "*This* guy wasn't in any coffin at all, and he was four feet underground. There's one hell of a lot of difference."

"Yes," Merlini said. "But not the sort you think. The following January, the Loew Circuit shipped in another fakir from Egypt. A man named Hamid Bey—no relation; Bey is a title. The day before he opened at the State he went over to Englewood, New Jersey, popped off into the much debated trance, and was buried, *without coffin, five feet down,* before a crowd of two hundred witnesses. And if you think I'm still spinning old wives' tales, look in the New York papers for January 21, 1927."

"O. K.," Flint growled. "I'll bite. How long did *this* guy stay under?"

"Two hours," said Merlini, "and forty-five minutes!"

"Well, how did he do it?"

Merlini said, "It *could* have been self-induced catalepsy or autohypnosis. Or voluntary, rather than trance-induced, shallow breathing could have turned the trick. He wasn't by any means hermetically sealed. There would be considerable air in, and some seepage of air through, the loose dirt that was shoveled in above him."

He turned. Some one was running toward us through the woods. It was the police officer who had tried to stop the fleeing car. "Lieutenant," he panted, "we found Dunning! In the garage. The guy who took it on the lam in that car gave him a nasty crack on the head and shoved him in one of the other cars out of sight."

Flint sent Dr. Haggard to the house and faced the patrolman again. "What happened, Ryan?"

"Well, he says he ran out of cigarettes and went downstairs to bum one from the chauffeur. His room's next to the garage in the basement. Leonard wasn't there, but Dunning finds a pack, and then, just as he's leaving, he thinks he hears somebody in the garage. He figures it's Leonard and goes in. There's nobody there, but the garage doors are wide open. He looks in the cars. When he opens the door of Miss Wolff's car, a guy inside reaches out, grabs his throat, and bangs his head against the dashboard. That's all he remembers."

"Who was it? Didn't he get a look at the man?"

Ryan shook his head. "I don't know. Tucker's just asking him that when he passes out again."

Just then Tucker himself arrived. "Lieutenant," he said, "Lovejoy phoned in. He's got the guy in the car! It smashed up on the Parkway. It's the ghost, and this time he's really dead!"

I HAD expected that, but I wasn't quite prepared for what followed.

"Just what," Merlini asked quietly, "makes the sergeant so sure his captive is dead?"

Tucker blinked. "What makes— Well, he said he'd shipped him in to the morgue, so I suppose—"

The lieutenant emitted smoke and flame like an incendiary bomb. "Ryan, bring this crowd in. And don't lose any of 'em!" He started running toward the house.

On our way to the house I fell into step beside Merlini "If the haunt is flesh and blood, how come, in that blamed photo, does he show up as transparent as a guppy?"

"Come, come. You can explain the photo."

"Yes," I admitted. "It's just a double exposure, the kind beginners make when they forget to wind their film between shots. Galt had set up the camera and left it loaded, aimed, and unguarded. Mr. Ghost floats in, clicks the shutter, and puts a shot of the background on the film. Then, when he makes his little bow, I click the shutter again, and that shot overlays the background on the film, giving us a phantom view. He certainly took pains to give Wolff a scare. And why? Who is he?"

"I don't know, Ross. Cross my heart. But my guess is that he'll turn out to be a professional fakir who has or once had an act featuring the burial alive. And I'm sure Francis Galt knows who he is. As part of his psychic research, he keeps a weather eye on all such performers."

"So," I said, "why has he been keeping it mum?"

I got my answer to that one in about ten seconds flat. As we entered the house, we found Galt in the hall. He was handing several newspaper clippings to Flint.

I managed to glimpse a few headlines.

ALGERIAN FAKIR PRESENTS EASTERN MAGIC

Fakir Outwits Death Underground

Zareh Bey Baffles Doctors in Underwater Burial

There was a picture with one story that showed a close-up of the performer's face. Zareh Bey's features were the same as those in Galt's photo.

Flint aimed a glare at Galt. "And why have you been

denying all along that you knew who the ghost was?"

"I wasn't sure. I didn't want to make statements that might not be true."

Flint glared a moment longer. Then he addressed Merlini. "I've just had a report from the F. B. I. They never heard of Garner. His identity card was a phony. And you think he was an Algerian fakir who let himself be buried alive." Then he popped a question that was a honey. "And how," he wanted to know, "did Mr. Bey plan to squirm out of that grave?"

"I think," Merlini said slowly, "that if it had been me I'd have made arrangements to have some one dig me up."

Flint nodded. "Douglass."

"No. If Scotty was cast in the role of digger-up he'd have started his excavating a lot sooner than he did. Zareh Bey wouldn't take chances on an hour burial when a fifteen-minute one would do as well."

"But if there was some other accomplice ready, the grave would have been empty when Scotty came back."

"Yes," Merlini agreed. "Unless the person who'd promised to do the digging happened to—well, forget about it."

I blinked.

Merlini went on: "To put it bluntly, Zareh Bey's assistant might have decided to make the fake murder genuine—by the simple device of just leaving him there. You know," he added, "if that happened, and if Zareh Bey is playing possum now, if he should get to some one before we know who, there might be another corpse."

HE made a sudden exclamation and passed one of the clippings to Flint. "You missed something!" he said. "Now we've not only got to show that Zareh Bey wasn't dead when Haggard examined him; we've also got to prove he wasn't dead when he first appeared in that study!"

Flint and I stared at the clipping. The item, from a New York paper, consisted of a long list of names. Halfway down, one name was ringed in blue pencil. It was Zareh Bey's. The date line at the top was September 8, 1934. The headline read: DEAD IN MORRO CASTLE FIRE.

The library door opened and Sergeant Lovejoy's voice said, "What's all this about the ghost not being dead? He's got a skull cracked wide open. He's dead, all right!"

"Sergeant," Merlini said, "you have no idea how dead he is."

Lovejoy gave us his story rapidly: "He smashed up a couple of miles the other side of Mount Vernon. The alarm you sent out had a Parkway cop waiting at the toll gate at the bridge. Garner steps on the gas and shoots by. The cop lights out after him. Then, for no reason at all, the car edges over and starts cutting across the eastbound lane. It sidewipes another car and then crashes head on into a lamppost. Garner takes a header into the windshield."

Flint handed Zareh Bey's picture to Lovejoy. The sergeant nodded at once. "Yeah, that's him." He took an envelope from his pocket. "And I had 'em take his prints as soon as we—"

Tucker snatched the fingerprint card and put a magnifying glass on it. "They'll check," he said gloomily. "I'd know these prints in my sleep. They're the ghost's."

Flint looked discouraged. "First he introduces himself as Smith. Wolff socks him. Haggard pronounces him dead. Then he turns out to have identification that says he's a dick named Garner. He's buried, but comes back and haunts the place. Then he gets killed again, and now he's supposed to be Zareh Bey, an Algerian dervish who's been dead eight years. The hell with it!" Turning to Lovejoy, he asked, "Find anything on him?"

Lovejoy produced several handkerchief-wrapped parcels from his overcoat pockets. "Small change, pencil, handkerchief. Two flashlights."

One had no glass covering its bulb. "Dented too," the sergeant said. "If it matches the pieces of glass we found in the study, it proves he was there. Probably what he socked Harte with."

Flint nodded and picked up the other light. I said, "That one's Kay's. She kept it in her car."

Lovejoy opened another parcel. "And this," he said proudly, "puts the case on ice. It was in the glove compartment of the car." It was the missing vest-pocket revolver. "No prints, though. It's been cleaned." He unwrapped the remaining parcel. "But his prints are on this. It was in his coat pocket."

"The trap gun," Flint said sourly. He pulled back the firing pin and removed an empty cartridge case. "And it's been fired. Somebody placed it on top of the bookcase where we found the thumbtack holes at about the height of a man's head. The string ran across the room and was tacked in the wall opposite. A nice thing to run into in the dark! When you hit the string you're in line with the gun. And somebody did. But who?"

The desk phone at his elbow rang as though it had been waiting the cue. Flint talked a moment, hung up, and said, "The medical examiner's just had a look at the body. He wants to know what a powder burn is doing on the left cheek!"

Merlini lifted an eyebrow. "Now that is very interesting. I hope your medical examiner doesn't assume that the cracked skull was the sole cause of death."

Flint's surprise brought him up out of his chair. "Isn't that enough? What—"

"That trap gun and the powder burn suggest that there has been a second attempt on the life of Zareh Bey. Suppose you'd tried to eliminate some one by not digging him up on schedule. He pops up again. Then you try to get him with the trap gun. That misses, too. And then he dies in an ordinary traffic accident. It's not in character. I want an autopsy."

"But dammit, man," Flint objected, "that car was ten miles away, traveling fast, the windows closed, a cop in pursuit! How can you get dirty work out of that?"

"Just the same, I wish you'd ask for a toxicological report."

Flint gaped. Then slowly he said, "Poison. A slow one that would hit him after he'd left, while he was driving." He reached for the phone and barked some orders into the transmitter. Then he said, "Sergeant, I'm going to take a look at that car with Mastermind, here. I'm leaving you in charge."

AFTER they left, I did some thinking about Merlini's suspicion that the traffic accident was not on the level. If he was right, it meant that Smith was not the only one who knew a thing or two about the fancier grades of hocus-pocus. But that was damn little help. Almost every one in sight did.

Galt was an authority on mediumistic trickery. Mrs. Wolff had been a medium. Dunning, who probably wrote up the reports of Wolff's investigations, would know plenty. Phillips, Kay had said, was a detective-story fan; there was no telling what peculiar murder methods he'd know about. Haggard was an expert on death and its causes. Leonard was a question mark until Flint's check on his background came in.

Kay knew all these people much better than I did. Perhaps she might suggest a lead.

She was in her room, on a chaise longue, having breakfast. She poured me a cup of coffee. "There's bacon and eggs too," she said; "that is, if you talk."

"Wolff's murder," I announced, "is solved. And I've got an alibi."

"Solved?"

"Yes." I told her the whole story, including the traffic accident. "The thumbtack holes and the bullet in the wall," I finished, "place the trap gun in the study. The powder burn on Smith-Garner-Zareh Bey's face and the fact that he had both the guns when he smashed up proves he was there."

Kay frowned. "But, Ross, if some one has been trying to kill him, then—then there are two murderers."

I nodded. "It's a pretty high percentage of lethal-minded persons to show up in such a small handful of—"

I stopped. Somewhere in my head an idea had stirred. "I'll—be—damned! Kay! There *is* only one murderer, and I know—" I stopped again, thinking furiously. I didn't hear the door open behind me. "Kay, I need only one thing more. I've got to dope out how Smith did his

vanishing act from the study. Flint's not going to like it unless I can—"

"He's not going to like it unless you get started downstairs." Lovejoy was at the door. "Both of you. He's back, and he wants everybody."

Then, all at once, I saw it. As soon as I'd really accepted the fact that Smith had not killed Wolff, the answer jumped at me.

THE atmosphere of the living room was the tense, foreboding sort that precedes a thunderstorm. Every one was there, and every one seemed exceedingly nervous except Merlini, who lay back in a low armchair apparently asleep. I would have given any odds that he was nothing of the sort.

Flint was issuing storm warnings. "Somebody," he said, "has been lying like blazes. So we start all over. I'm going to take you one at a time and hear those stories again. And I'm going to keep doing it until somebody slips. Leonard, you're first. In the library."

Merlini came to life. "Lieutenant," he said quickly, opening his eyes, "just a minute. There's something I want to say before you—"

Then it happened. Across the room, just on the edge of my line of vision, something white moved. I jerked my head around. On the table between the windows was a Venetian glass vase holding white narcissus. Now, and no one was within fifteen feet of it, the vase was toppling forward. It fell, to shatter on the hardwood floor.

Flint and Tucker ran across the room and bent above the flowers and the fragments of glass. Then they examined the table-top. They found nothing.

"Phillips," Flint said, "these flowers aren't the same ones that were here earlier this morning. When did you change them?"

"A little over an hour ago."

Merlini added, "I saw him carrying the vase into the living room shortly before we left the house." He looked at the three-cornered fragment of glass Tucker was holding between thumb and forefinger. "What is it? A print?"

Tucker didn't answer. Instead he asked Phillips, "Was the vase washed when the flowers were changed?"

The butler nodded. "Yes, it was."

The answer seemed to hit Tucker hard. Flint said, "Well, let's have it. Whose print—"

Tucker's answer was barely audible. "It's Smith's."

The man who refused to stay dead—the man whose body had been lying on a cold slab at the morgue for nearly three hours—was back again!

I noticed Merlini making for the door to the hall just as Flint's voice came across the room: "Sergeant, take Harte into the library."

Lovejoy took me in and closed the door firmly. Flint came in after a few minutes, and went straight to the point: "Lovejoy says he heard you saying you know who the murderer is. Stop stalling and let's have it."

I shook my head. "I've changed my mind. I don't know who it is. That vase business was too much for me."

Then Ryan opened the door. He looked worried. "Merlini's out in the kitchen. He says he wants you to come out there. I thought I'd better humor him. He's throwing cigarettes all over the room. I think he's gone nuts."

Flint swore and went out. Lovejoy and I followed.

Ryan's description of what was happening in the kitchen was no exaggeration. Phillips stood just inside the door frowning uneasily as he watched Merlini light a fresh cigarette, take a few quick puffs, and then throw it with considerable force against the refrigerator. It bounced off and rolled across the linoleum, trailing sparks.

"But why so much, Phillips?" Merlini asked as he picked the cigarette up and added it to several others that lay in a dish on the table.

"Mr. Wolff was exceptionally fond of it, sir," Phillips replied. "He ate it several times a day."

Flint asked, "What did Wolff eat so much of, and what the hell do you think you're doing?"

Merlini answered both questions at once. "Dudley Wolff was an ice-cream addict. And I'm gathering experimental data for a learned dissertation on the inflammable characteristics of cigarette tobacco. My researches tend to indicate that your medical examiner is going to be considerably annoyed when all his toxicological tests turn up an answer of zero."

Flint was annoyed, too. "Then you admit now that the smash was an accident?"

"I didn't say that. I said he wasn't poisoned."

"But you admitted there was nothing wrong with the car. You even pulled the heater apart. You didn't find a thing."

"We did find the cigarette stub on the floor."

"So what?" Flint took an envelope from his pocket and carefully rolled a cigarette out onto the porcelain table-top. It was two thirds the length of a fresh cigarette and there was a black tip of burned carbon at its end.

"Don't you see anything queer about it?" Merlini asked.

Flint scowled at it. "It's probably the one Dunning was smoking when he was knocked out. It fell to the car floor. But I don't see—"

Merlini bent above the cigarette. Flint and I leaned over too.

"This cigarette is an accidental blemish on a perfectly planned crime," said Merlini. "If Dunning hadn't happened to be smoking when he was hit there would have been absolutely nothing to blow the gaff."

Flint glared at him and started to interrupt. Merlini

hastened quickly to the point: "Cigarettes don't go out, as a pipe does, the moment you stop puffing on them." He pointed to the shortest of the burning cigarettes on the dish. Less than half an inch remained.

"That's been burning for eighteen minutes by my watch. But a good two thirds of the one we found in the car is unburned. What extinguished it?"

"It went out when Dunning dropped it."

Merlini shook his head. "I don't think so. They don't go out that easily. I've put out only one in seven tries. It landed, with more force than Dunning's would have, directly on its lighted end. The burning portion was dislodged. The burned center core of the one we found is still intact. Why didn't it continue to burn?"

Flint gave him a quick look. "Does this have anything to do with the car heater you were so interested in?"

Merlini nodded. "This stub stopped burning because of lack of oxygen. Add that to Phillips' statement that Wolff liked ice cream so much that there was always a gallon freezer of it on hand."

I saw it then. "Packed," I finished, "with dry ice!"

"Yes. Frozen carbon dioxide. Some one with an ingenious turn of mind shoved several sticks of it into the car heater. Too much of the oxygen in the hot-air stream coming back into the closed car combined with carbon in the molecular proportion of two to one. Carbon dioxide is noncombustible. When the percentage of CO_2 in the atmosphere is too great a flame can't get enough oxygen. Cigarettes go out. So do people.

"And dry ice is so called because, in melting at normal temperatures, it skips the liquid stage and passes directly from a solid to a gas. There's no residue."

I asked, "Why did you say the medical examiner wouldn't find any traces of poison?"

"Because I sneaked a look at his toxicology text while Flint was talking to him. I quote: 'It is not possible to demonstrate carbon-dioxide poisoning by means of any chemical test on the dead body.'"

Flint objected: "You'd need a concentration of about 12 per cent carbon dioxide in the air of that car. That would take more dry ice than the heater would hold."

denying—"

"This murderer didn't need enough to kill," Merlini said. "He needed only enough to make Smith lose control of the car. The first symptoms are giddiness and somnolence. You can't mix those with high speed."

"All right," Flint admitted doubtfully, "you make it sound good. But what have we got? One cigarette that might have gone out too soon and a hell of a lot of guesswork." He turned to me. "Harte, it's your turn. What do you think you've got that tells you who the murderer is?"

"Motive," I said, "and opportunity. The one and only person who could have spirited that vest-pocket revolver out of the study is the one person we've consistently overlooked because—"

I stopped. My jaw dropped. Merlini made a wild dash

for the kitchen door, pushed it open, and disappeared!

When I got to the doorway I saw Merlini in the small dark hallway outside, rattling the knob of a door that opened into the main hall. "Eavesdropper," he said. "He jumped through here and turned the key. Go around through the dining room. Hurry!"

I followed Flint through the dining room and into the hall. Mrs. Wolff, Dr. Haggard, Galt, and Tucker were still in the living room, but the others had scattered. Flint called to Tucker: "Get those others back in here. And keep 'em here. Harte, you wait in the library."

He came in a few moments later with Merlini and the sergeant. "All right," he said brusquely. "Out with it. Who have we been overlooking?"

"We've been overlooking the most likely suspect because she's been too obvious," I said. "Mrs. Wolff."

I gave it to him fast. "Item one: Mrs. Wolff used to be a medium. That's how she knew some one like Smith. Item two: Mrs. Wolff, who is far too good-looking and too much Dudley's junior to have married him for anything but money, caught herself a millionaire and then discovered it wasn't nearly as much fun as she thought. She wanted to cut loose, but she knew if she tried it by any of the usual means Wolff would explode and leave her without a nickel. Item three: Wolff had an abnormal fear of death and a need just now to avoid adverse publicity. With Smith's aid, she struck at both weak points and put on the burial-alive act that had Dudley believing he'd killed a man. Object: blackmail. She supplied Smith with the negatives he flashed in front of Wolff, and the phony F. B. I. identification was red herring so Dudley wouldn't suspect their source."

"Just a minute," Flint cut in. "Smith is Zareh Bey?"

"Sure. The Morro Castle death list doesn't mean a thing. Anybody that turned up missing went on it automatically. Zareh Bey escaped, didn't deny the report, and changed his name. Maybe he was in a jam. Anyway, he and Mrs. Wolff got together and went to work on Wolff. And she decided that an accomplice can't ever be fully trusted not to spill the beans—so she double-crossed him.

"She was either supposed to dig him up herself, or she pretended to arrange to have it done. Instead, she left him there. But Scotty got curious and dug into the grave. Smith knew what had happened and was good and mad.

"He got busy with the poltergeist phenomena, and yesterday morning he gave them both a lovely sock between the eyes by showing himself at the head of the stairs. He vanished that time by scooting through Mrs. Wolff's bedroom and down the trellis, outwitting the burglar alarm with the Merlini patented flashlight method.

"Then, sometime yesterday, he contacted Mrs. Wolff secretly, told her he was going ahead with the blackmail scheme, and that she'd take orders from him or he'd step out of his ghost role and give Wolff an earful. He's overconfident. He doesn't realize that a man thought to be dead and buried is a made-to-order murder victim! But Mrs. Wolff does."

Flint was sitting up now and taking notice. I went on:

"She played along with him for the moment. She clicked Galt's camera to pre-expose the film, put the photo-flood bulb in the upper hall out of commission, let Smith in through her window, and got him into the study with a key she'd taken from Wolff's ring. He waited there for his cue to appear for the spirit photo which was to clinch his ghostly status in Wolff's mind. And then, just when he appeared, Mrs. Wolff discovered that Leonard was watching outside her window. Smith's vanishing technique wouldn't work. She sent him into the study. *He vanished from the bedroom by the simple device of never going into it!*"

Flint blinked. "And Mrs. Wolff was firing at—"

"Nothing. That was the cover-up. To divert our attention from the study. Later on I back into the study, right into Smith's arms. He flattens me, tosses me out the window, and makes tracks. He left by the study door *before* Wolff was shot and *before* Merlini came back upstairs."

"But the murder gun didn't leave before Wolff was shot."

"I'm coming to that. Now Mrs. Wolff went to the study to help Smith get clear. But he'd gone. And then Dudley walks in and finds her there. He guesses that the shooting she'd done earlier was an act. He accused her.

"She had the vest-pocket revolver she had taken from the gun room as protection against Smith. She shot Wolff with it. That silenced him, allowed her to collect her inheritance at once, and freed her of him."

Flint objected, "You're doing a hell of a lot of guessing about what she thought, and you still haven't got the gun out—"

"Merlini," I said, "tell him about Jeanne Veiller. Tell him why Mrs. Wolff, the ex-medium, used the smallest gun in the collection."

Merlini told him. When he said Jeanne Veiller was a regurgitating medium who concealed her cheesecloth ectoplasm by swallowing it, and reminded him of the circus sword swallowers who also gulp down watches, lemons, and even live white mice, Flint hit the ceiling. But when he had calmed down a bit he said to the sergeant, "Get Mrs. Wolff in here."

JUST a minute, lieutenant," Merlini said. "I'd like to ask Ross a few questions. Number one: Why did Smith try to kill you instead of just knocking you out? Why must he toss off an unnecessary murder? Two: You've not mentioned that trap gun at all. It was fired, it has no silencer, and yet no one has mentioned hearing an unexplained shot. Three: Where did Smith go from the study? And four—"

"Wait, dammit! Give me a chance to answer. Smith went out through Mrs. Wolff's window."

"Yes? When he aimed his light at the electric eye, what happened?"

Flint answered that: "Nothing! He'd put his light on the blink when he cracked Harte over the head."

Merlini nodded. "And how about the strange case of the unsteady flower vase that tipped over in the living room just now when every one was there—every one but the dead man whose fingerprint was on it? That's question number four. Do you have the answer, Ross?"

"No," I said, "I don't have the answer. But you're actin' as though you did. Give us *your* theory."

Flint seconded the motion. Merlini frowned. "Well, I do have one or two ideas, but it's a bit soon to—"

"No," said Flint flatly. "Nothing doing. You've read too many detective stories where the mastermind holds out his solution until last. Not this time. *I'm* giving you mine last. Now, talk!"

Merlini said, "Oh, you've got it solved too?"

"Yes, I have. It's all over but the shouting."

"Shouting?" Merlini asked. "Or shooting?"

"What do you mean? What are you waiting for?"

"Murder," said Merlini quietly. "There's one more yet to come. It's billed to go on almost any minute now. Upstairs in the study. I think we should attend."

Flint said, "What are you trying to pull now? How do you know that? Why—"

"I arranged it," said Merlini calmly, and went on: "It will be a quite harmless murder. The victim will be Mr. Smith—Zareh Bey, the man in the morgue. He's dead, but the people in the next room don't know that. And one of them has an appointment upstairs in the study with him. I thought the murderer, not knowing if the dry-ice scheme had worked, might not be too surprised to hear from Smith. So I made a phone call."

Flint glared angrily. "Who did you phone?"

"A person against whom we haven't a scrap of decent evidence but who may give us what we need by walking through that study door, very probably prepared to make a last desperate attempt to eliminate Smith."

For a long moment Flint stood silent, regarding Merlini with cold appraisal. Finally he said, "O. K. Let's go."

MERLINI reached the study first, and pushed the door open. Then he stopped.

The window across the room was partly open. Leonard stood before it, facing us, holding a heavy glass inkwell.

Flint's gun came out. "Drop it!" he commanded.

"O. K." Leonard replaced it on the desk.

Flint moved toward the chauffeur. "Merlini, is this the guy you phoned?"

Merlini sat down at the desk. "No, it isn't."

Leonard said, "I guess this is where I talk." He leaned down, took a card out of his shoe, and handed it to Flint. The lieutenant read: "'Leonard Doran, Doran Detective Agency, 3414 Broadway.' So that's why I had trouble checking back on you. Who hired you?"

"Wolff. He wanted a bodyguard."

"Why'd you hold out on me?"

"Well, business hasn't been so good lately. When Wolff gets shot, I figure if I can crack the case on my own the publicity'll do the agency some good. And I know who the murderer is."

"What do you know? Spill it fast!"

"O. K., take it easy. It's Dunning. He's the guy who loaded the car heater with dry ice. Then he—"

Flint's voice was ominous: "How do *you* know anything about dry ice?"

As Doran answered, I saw Merlini remove the receiver from the desk phone and press a button on its base.

"I got an earful," Doran said, "downstairs at the kitchen door just now. I figured Dunning for the job, and came up here to have a look and dope out how he shot—"

Merlini cut in suddenly, "Quiet a moment, please."

He spoke into the phone, softly and rapidly. The only words I could catch were "in the study" and "tell the police who killed—"

He hung up just as Flint jumped toward him. "You never made a call before! That's the one—"

Merlini nodded. "I had no chance earlier. And you wouldn't have let me now if—"

"Who did you phone?"

"If you don't let every one in the house know we're here, you'll find out in about two minutes. We'll catch her red-handed."

"Her? Are you trying to give me that Mrs. Wolff yarn, too?"

Merlini's answer was straight out of a nightmare. "No," he said slowly, "I'm not."

I felt a sick spasm of fear tighten my stomach.

Then he said: "I phoned Kathryn Wolff." He followed up with a barrage of body punches that had me reeling. "Let me answer one of the questions I asked Ross. Why did Smith shove him out the window? The answer is that, since he had no reason, he didn't do it. The moment he knocked Ross out, he went away fast. And then Kay entered the study. She found Ross lying on the floor, but assumed, in the dark, that it was Smith's body. Why? Because she expected to find Smith there, and, since she set the trap gun, she expected to find him dead. That was why she came. She had to get rid of the body. And that's why Ross was shoved out the window!"

I stared at Merlini in a blank paralysis of amazement. And then, as Flint turned a moment to look at me, Merlini's right eye opened and closed in a broad wink.

The successive shocks had almost completely demoralized my nervous system, but somehow it managed to absorb this new one. Merlini was improvising in a desperate effort to keep Flint interested long enough for the real murderer to come in answer to his phone call.

Flint looked very uncertain. Merlini hurried on: "Kathryn also made that flower vase tip over. Ice is the answer there, too. She moved the vase so that it stood just on the table's edge, its base overlapping. She tilted it back slightly and inserted a small piece of ice under its outer edge. As it melted, the vase tipped slowly forward, finally overbalanced, and fell off."

As Merlini spoke, Flint's uncertainty vanished. He smiled grimly. "And the fingerprint. What about that?"

"Sleight of hand. If you'll try putting the pieces of that vase back together again you'll find that the one bearing the fingerprint won't fit. It's an extra piece cracked from a similar vase in the pantry. Kathryn had previously arranged that Smith should handle it.. Later, when she placed the ice beneath the vase, she dropped the extra fragment in among the flowers. It was—"

The gun in Flint's hand lifted and pointed at Merlini. His voice was cold and hard and confident. "Lovejoy, handcuff him. He's just told me all I wanted to know!"

Merlini's eyebrows lifted. "I've told you—"

"Yeah. Thanks for explaining the flower-vase trick. That bothered me. But Miss Wolff didn't put Smith's fingerprint on the extra piece. *You* did! You saw Phillips take that vase into the living room just before we left to investigate the traffic smash. And then you went into the kitchen for a moment. You cracked a piece from another vase, and added Smith's print when we saw his body at the morgue. You're trying to frame Miss Wolff to save your own skin. You shot Wolff!"

"I did? Why?"

"You were blackmailing Wolff to get money for your show. And if you really had phoned Miss Wolff just now she'd have been here by this—"

FLINT stopped suddenly. The doorknob was turning. The door pushed open. Lovejoy lunged forward, grabbed the wrist of the person who stood in the doorway, and twisted it savagely.

The blue-steel automatic in Kay's hand fell to the floor.

Flint said, "Well, Miss Wolff?"

She nodded at the window Leonard had left partly open. "My room is the next one over. I heard voices in here. I thought I heard Merlini accusing me—"

Merlini spoke quickly: "I apologize, Kay. Don't believe everything you hear. Is that gun of yours loaded?"

"No. I took it from the gun room as I came upstairs. With murderers around—well, I felt safer."

Lovejoy examined the gun. "She's right; it's empty."

"And that," Merlini said, "lets her out. The murderer wouldn't arrive bent on killing Smith with an empty gun."

"She wouldn't have come here to meet Smith, anyway," I put in. "She knew he was dead. I told her."

Merlini went on: "I didn't call Kay, but I did call someone. I was talking fast, trying to keep you quiet until that person should arrive. But now, with this door open and our voices broadcasting the fact that we're here, t' trap is a washout."

He stopped. The burglar alarm was ringing once ag and from outside the house, as it had once before t morning, came the quick starting roar of a car.

"Lieutenant," said Merlini, "there goes your murder

Flint rushed from the room. I looked at Merlini. "Y sleight of hand slipped a bit, didn't it?"

"It wobbled some," he admitted, "but the trap did w The murderer heard our voices and figured we'd ca Smith. There seemed nothing to do but get out fast."

Lovejoy's voice, angry and baffled, roared at us: "D mit, do you kno who took it on the lam in that c

denying all

"This murderer did

said. "He needed

"Yes," said Merlini. "Ross told you. It was Mrs. Wolff."

I stared at him. "And you," I grumbled, "had to pretend I was wrong so you could step into the spotlight."

"But, Ross," he objected, "if the lieutenant had made an arrest then he could never have made the charge stick. The reasoning that proves she was the only person who could have been in this study when Wolff was shot is based directly on *your* testimony that no one left by the window, and on *my* testimony that no one left by the door. When the defense attorney got through pointing out that I get my living by deception, that you had a motive as big as all outdoors, and that we were both guilty of burglarious entry, the jury would have reasonable doubts by the dozen."

"And so you popped your trick questions," I said unhappily. "You worked that flower-vase trick to convince Mrs. Wolff that Smith was back again. Then you insisted I had no case until I had explained it. Was that fair?"

"It was necessary. And Flint gave you the answer before the payoff, you know. Furthermore, I gave you one of the other answers as well. I told you Smith didn't shove you out the window, but the murderer did, thinking that she was getting rid of Smith's body. I couldn't very well explain when the trap gun was fired or where Smith went after leaving the study, because both answers point directly at Mrs. Wolff."

"I give up," I said. "When was the trap gun fired?"

"When Mrs. Wolff fired her gun in her bedroom, there were seven shots," Merlini said. "Yet her gun held six. I didn't realize that until Lovejoy found the trap gun and the medical examiner reported a powder burn on Smith's face. That tore it. If Smith was the one who had gone into the study and tripped the trap gun, Mrs. Wolff couldn't have been shooting at him in the bedroom as she said. Her barrage distracted our attention from the study and covered the sound of the trap gun as well."

Merlini flipped his half dollar and went on: "Smith expected to duck out Mrs. Wolff's window after posing for his picture, but when he came up the hall he found she had locked her door. So he went into the study. Mrs. Wolff hears the trap gun go off and thinks she's got Smith this time. Later she slips in to do away with the body. She doesn't dare use a light, so she makes a slight mistake in identity. And then Dudley Wolff had the bad luck to walk in on her just as she was getting rid of what she thought was her victim. So she shot him.

"Then, before she could get out, I was there pounding on the door. She had to get rid of the gun. So, just as she had done with other objects during her mediumistic career, she swallowed it. Hid it in the same way Jeanne Veiller hid her ectoplasm. The gun was no larger.

"THEN she tried to blame the murder on the ghost. The gun's absence and the prevalence of ghost stories would confuse the situation long enough for her to run for it."

"And where did Smith go from the study?" I asked.

"He went across to Mrs. Wolff's bedroom—she was in the guest room then—and discovered that his flashlight wouldn't work and he couldn't get by the burglar alarm. So he simply hid in the closet. Then Mrs. Wolff was carried in and put to bed. Dr. Haggard gave her some sleeping tablets, which she promptly coughed up along with the gun as soon as he had left. Then Smith came out."

"And," I said, "it's stalemate. He's got her cold on a murder charge. But if she can escape conviction, he can blackmail her plenty. That is, if he can get away."

Merlini nodded. "Mrs. Wolff, who has tried so hard to get him, now has to help him escape. When the coast is clear, she slips out to get a flashlight.

Meanwhile she has figured out a way to double-cross Smith. She knows that even if he escapes, it leaves him holding the bag. She gets the dry ice, and goes down through the basement to the garage. She used Kay's car because the keys were in it. She planted the murder gun there, too, to pin the rap on Smith.

Then she took Kay's flash and returned to her room. She advised Smith to make a break for it in the car."

"O. K., Mastermind," I said. "But if you had it figured out as neatly as that, surely Flint—"

Merlini shook his head. "He might have asked me question number five: Why did Anne Wolff try to blackmail her husband in that unusual manner? She's clever enough to have thought of some way that didn't include murdering an accomplice. We know all her motives except the original one that started the whole thing."

Flint's voice came suddenly from the doorway: "I hope we get it, but our chances aren't too good."

"She got away?" asked Merlini.

"No; we got her. Ryan was down the drive. When he heard the car coming, he swung a police car across the road. She smacked it head on. Dr. Haggard says she won't be answering questions for some time, if then."

Only Flint got the answer, though. He brought it backstage a week later, just before the first performance of Merlini's revue, which was opening by courtesy of an angel named Kathryn Wolff.

"Here's the motive you wanted," he said, laying out on Merlini's dressing-room table a scrapbook, a newspaper clipping, and a telegram. The latter read:

MAN ANSWERING ZAREH BEY DESCRIPTION OPERATED RELIGIOUS CULT RACKET HERE UNTIL THREE MONTHS AGO UNDER NAME ZORAH THE MYSTIC. WANTED ON CHARGE OF USING MAILS TO DEFRAUD.
CAPTAIN J. J. O'CONNOR,
LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT.

"That's what he's been up to since he died on the Morro Castle," Flint said. "Three months ago he came East. When we searched his hotel room we found this."

The newspaper clipping was part of one of the picture layouts in my series of articles about Wolff. It was a shot of Mr. and Mrs. Wolff at a trade association banquet.

"And then," Flint continued, "I located the booking agent who handled Zareh Bey in '33 and '34." He opened the scrapbook, which was lettered: ZAREH BEY, *The Man Who Cannot Die*—PRESS NOTICES. "Zareh blew into the country in '29 just after Rahman and Hamid started the burial-alive ball rolling. They were all headliners for a while, but by '33 Zareh is playing two-bit carnivals. In '34 he decided to have a go at the South American circuit, but somebody slapped an attachment on his show before he got any further than Havana. He was head over heels in debt, and then his wife walked out on him. He took the Morro Castle back. You can see why he didn't deny newspaper reports of his—"

"Did you say wife?" Merlini put in.

Flint pointed to a newspaper photo. The caption read: MEDIUM PRODUCES STRANGE SPIRIT LIGHTS IN SEANCE. "She entertained the customers while Zareh took his underground nap. Recognize the lady?"

"Yes. They were still married at the time of the fire?"

Flint nodded. "And she never got a divorce before marrying Wolff, because she didn't know she needed one."

"Then," I said, "Zareh sees her picture in the papers and discovers who she's married. He returns from the dead and threatens to tell Wolff that his wife is guilty of bigamy. She can't buy him off because she has no money of her own. So she suggests they blackmail Wolff together. They play upon his fear of death and get him to believe he has killed a man by staging the phony death and burial of Mr. Smith."

"A scheme," Merlini added, "that would work two ways for Mrs. Wolff. It would give her a lever to handle Dudley and would cancel out husband number one."

"And the joker," Flint said, "is that Zareh didn't have anything on Anne at all. If she believed him dead when she married Wolff, she did it in good faith and it doesn't count as bigamy. But she didn't know enough law."

After Flint left, I waited in the wings with Kay for her first cue, and I gave her a kiss for good luck.

"Now go out there and disappear into thin air. But don't you dare fail to come back!"

"I won't," she promised. "I'm going to haunt you for a long time to come. Scared?"

"Well, maybe just a little. But I like it!"

THE END

SOMEBODY gave the Fitzgeralds a radio for Christmas a few years back, Pegeen Fitzgerald then being a San Francisco advertising gal, while her husband, Ed, barnstormed as an actor. They didn't like radios. Didn't even unwrap their gift set until a siege of the flu cooped them up and bored them to the point of welcoming any entertainment.

"Eddie, this is our ticket," said Pegeen, as they listened in. "You and I can get on the air and go places.". . . Hopping right to it, within three years they have become radio's busiest man-and-wife team. You can tune in now and hear one or the other of them at almost any hour. They do commentating, style reports, news reports, book reviews, interviews with personalities —practically everything.

Their alarm clock plays the theme song of their married life. Home at 5 A. M. from his Moonlight Saving broadcast, Ed awakes Pegeen, feeds her breakfast, and speeds her to her early morning show, then catches a few winks before his 9 A. M. hook-up. Later they go on together for their program called Pegeen Prefers. "That's our favorite," says Pegeen. "By ad-libbing we try to pull fast ones and stump each other, which makes it a natural man-and-wife act.". . . Ed writes her scripts, and she writes his.

During the day they manage a free hour or two for relaxation. By this they mean reading and answering fan mail, often 500 letters daily. At times their mail brings extra little chores. A Chicago woman wrote: "My daughter has run away to New York. I think she may be at the following address. Please send her home." So the Fitzgeralds took time out to find and talk sense into the runaway girl.

Obliged by their work to live at a gallop, the success and mutual happiness with which they do so make Pegeen and Ed a noteworthy couple. Their household is amusing, though hectic. Phones ring continually, yet they can't have an unlisted number because Ed can't remember it. Their pet cat steals and hides loose dollar bills under a sofa; they can always make change at the cat's bank when they need to break a five or a ten. Until he vanished recently, they had a Chinese house man whose name was just plain *Oh*.

TO THE LADIES

BY ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

SAME desk at the WAVES' training school, Madison, Wisconsin, is shared these democratic days by two attractive young ladies, both brunettes, both apprentice seamen learning to be wireless operators. In times of peace they saw each other often, though they never met. One is Edith Kingdon Gould, erstwhile society ornament of a famous night club where the other WAVE, Muriel Kavner, worked as telephone girl.

WARTIME thrift has revived the popularity of the small fancy apron for home wear, to protect our dresses now that we must be extra careful of every garment we own. Department stores are featuring dainty little aprons in great variety —aprons of sprigged muslin, ruffled percale, flower-strewn organdy. Priced from about 50 cents to around $3, they offer a nice range of stylish, inexpensive gifts. The return of the dress-up apron tickles me personally, since I have long been smiled

at with indulgence for wearing them when they *weren't* fashionable. You can't keep a good style down!

NOW we owe the army *another* debt of gratitude. Colors may soon be standardized by army scientists so we can match 'em with the help of a number system that covers two million different shades. Camouflage experts at Dayton, Ohio, are working this out with electric instruments.

JOINING the navy, a young man presented his cocktail table *and* his dog to his best girl, whom I know. "That smart aleck!" she says. "He spent weeks training his dog to bite the ankles of any other man who sits down at the cocktail table. I suppose it shows he loves me, but what a trick!"

WAR note for hostesses: In parts of England, so I'm told, transport difficulties are bringing back the old-time custom of inviting dinner guests to stay all night if they live more than ten or fifteen miles away. In early Victorian days some dinner guests were also asked to fetch along their own napkins, but *guests of honor* were exempted from napkin toting.

WITH creamed chicken or a nourishing cheese sauce, old-fashioned waffles serve as excellent dinners for meatless days. Use any waffle recipe you like best, or try these *Sweet Potato Waffles* for a change: . . . Rub 1 tablespoon sugar smooth with 4 tablespoons butter or other shortening. Add 1 well beaten egg yolk, 1 cup milk, pinch of nutmeg, salt, pepper, 1 cup mashed sweet potato, ¾ cup flour mixed with 2 teaspoons baking powder. Last put in 1 stiffly whipped egg white. Bake golden brown on waffle iron. Left-over turkey in cream is the *perfect* accompaniment.

Two favorites star brilliantly in Random Harvest: Greer Garson as Paula, Ronald Colman as John Smith.

Smith is an amnesia victim for three years after the armistice, then suddenly discovers his real identity.

H[illegible]comes Charles Rainier, forgets his happy mar- to Paula, falls in love with Kitty (Susan Peters).

CAND[illegible]

Warm-hearted Romance

RANDOM HARVEST

A LOVE story as tender and touching in its way as Goodbye, Mr. Chips, is M-G-M's picturization of James Hilton's Random Harvest. Admirers of Mrs. Chips (and of Mrs. Miniver) will welcome Greer Garson as the warm-hearted heroine of Hilton's most romantic tale. The equally devoted followers of Ronald Colman will cheer his finest performance as the amnesia victim haunted by the three lost years of his life. Random Harvest is certainly a feast for incurable sentimentalists; but it is performed so poignantly by its stars, and directed with such sensitivity by Mervyn LeRoy, that it is sure to find favor with every type of audience.

Hilton's story has been faithfully followed, from the armistice eve when John Smith walks out the door of the asylum where he has been confined, through his meeting with Paula, the enchanting actress who helps him back to health and sanity; through their perfect marriage to his recognition of his real identity as the important Charles Rainier and his resumption of his old life. We are asked to believe that Pa[illegible] enters his life again as a super-e[illegible] cient secretary, keeping her ident[illegible] a secret even through Charle[illegible] courtship of a young girl; that sh[illegible] guides him to a great career and herself becomes Lady Rainier, all the while never revealing herself as the Paula of the three lost years. And we do. Miss Garson's superb make-believe and personal radiance carry it off. She has competition, too, in the provocative person of Susan Peters, a comparative screen newcomer who plays the young rival, Kitty, with sureness and charm. Watch little Miss Peters; she's star stuff.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

Front-Page Thriller

CASABLANCA

IT is no magic trick that enables the astute Warner Brothers to present their picture, Casablanca, practically on the heels of the landing of United States forces in North[illegible]

OSE-UPS

BEVERLY HILLS

Africa. It was simply farsighted showmanship that led them—six or seven months ago—to seize upon a stirring spy story with all the ingredients of audience interest in wartime. The picture was produced, cut, edited, and filed away for future release. Suddenly the march of world events made Casablanca a front-page title, and now Warners have a terrific and timely hit on their hands.

Casablanca concerns the refugee problem in French Morocco—the frantic efforts of an unending stream of Europeans to secure visas through influence, guile, the black market, or whatever means so that they can get to Lisbon and the Americas. It concerns, in particular, the adventures of one Rick, picturesque proprietor of the café which is the center of life in Casablanca. Here gather the refugees waiting for their visas, the hopeful and the helpless. There are French colonials, including the debonair prefect of police who suspects that Rick is not as neutral as he seems; officers of the Third Reich tracking down the escaping Free French; and a mysterious new couple, Victor Laszlo and his lovely wife Ilsa (Paul Henreid and Ingrid Bergman). The Nazis' attention focuses on Laszlo, escaped from a concentration camp and important to the underground movement. Rick's interest centers on Ilsa, whom he had known and loved in Paris before the invasion. Though their romance revives, he helps her and her husband to escape. Then with Captain Renault he stages a daring departure himself to join the Free French.

An exciting show, colorfully staged and extraordinarily well acted. Humphrey Bogart makes Rick a credible character. The Bogart trade-mark of smoldering inscrutability is still stamped on his work, but he unbends enough in Casablanca to provide some richly human moments. Especially when Miss Bergman is sharing his scenes. Her Ilsa is a heroine to remember. Claude Rains as the wily Captain Renault, Paul Henreid as Laszlo, Conrad Veidt, Dooley Wilson, and Peter Lorre in supporting roles round out an excellent cast. (Warners.)

Ingrid Bergman as Ilsa Laszlo and Humphrey Bogart as Rick revive a long-ago Paris romance in Casablanca.

Captain Renault (Claude Rains) suspects that the picturesque Rick is not really as neutral as he pretends to be.

A tense moment in Rick's café, meeting place for the unending stream of refugees passing through Casablanca.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

LET'S talk about salutes.

Few items, if any, which I have ever printed brought forth more mail, pro and con, than the one in an October issue about saluting the women of the armed forces.

The men, without exception, hailed my stand that a woman with bars did not rate a salute. The ladies (God bless 'em) pinned my ears back—also without exception. And I lost a lot of sleep.

After reading the mail which is now stacked *that* high, doing a lot more investigating and checking,

Salute

and weighing all the evidence, your Old Sarge presents his findings.

I was right except in one particular. I have to admit that officers of the Navy's WAVES do rate a salute from enlisted men. That's because the law which established the WAVES put them *in* the Navy. The law which established the Army's WAACs made them an auxiliary serving *with* the Army, so their officers do *not* rate a salute from the men. Seems sorta silly, doesn't it?

The most severe letters I got were from Army nurses. They quoted chapter and verse and threw the book at me in an attempt to prove that I was all wet. The evidence shows that I was not. Army Regulations 40-20, dated December 31, 1934, *deleted* that part of A. R. 40-20, dated October 6, 1930, which said, "They [Army Nurse Corps] will salute and be saluted in the same manner and under the same conditions as prescribed for commissioned officers." There's been no change since 1934 of which I know.

I didn't say "deserve," I said "rate." If you look at the salute as a signal of respect, as I do, then you'll salute the Army and Navy nurses, as I do. Not by regulation but by esteem. I think the members of the Corps have earned it.

On the other hand, the salute has always seemed to me to be a man's prerogative and I hate to share it by regulation rather than by choice. But it's a changing world and we'll have to change with it.

So endeth today's lesson.

Old Sarge.

* * *

Greetings, Sarge. I think I hold some sort of record in the Air Force. I've been in the Army over a year and for the last three months I've been an instructor in the cadet ground school here, which is the largest school of its kind in the country. I mean a full-fledged instructor, handling four two-hour classes daily. Except for two sergeants, all the other ground-school instructors are commissioned officers. Me, I'm a private first class. Now, I hold I'm the lowest ranking full-fledged cadet instructor in the country. Am I wrong?

Certainly the cadets need a day or two to get used to a pfc. instructor—after all, they'll be second lieutenants in a few weeks. And you ought to hear them talk to me after they get their bars. Of course I "sir" them, and they invariably "sir" me right back through force of habit. Talk about courtesy to an enlisted man!

No, I'm not kicking about my grade. I'm proud to be able to help.

Pfc. G. O. K., Midland, Tex.

If you're not the record holder you'll hear about it soon enough from the readers of this page. Any candidates for the title?

* * *

My twin brother and I supported our parents before we both were inducted. They cannot make a go of it on just one allotment—that I know. But are we both permitted to file for allotments in behalf of our parents, or is that illegal?

Pvt. M. K., Camp Rucker, Ala.

Your parents are Class B dependents and must have been dependent on you for a substantial portion of their support to be eligible for allotment. They may legally receive allotments from both you and your brother if you both supported them before entering service.

* * *

In November 7 Liberty you stated that there are no third lieutenants in the United States Army. I quote the following extract from a letter from the Commanding General, Army Air Forces, dated August 3, 1942, subject: Status of Flight Officers:

"3. It is the desire of the Commanding General, Army Air Forces, that these new Flight Officers be accepted in the nature of 'Third Lieutenants' by all personnel of the Army Air Forces, and that they be required to comply with, and in turn be treated in accordance with, all the customs and courtesies of the military service pertaining to commissioned officers."

It now appears that the term "third lieutenant" is at least accepted by the Army.

C. E. N., Warrant Officer, A. V. S., Spence Field, Ga.

Sorry, I still can't agree with you. The term is used in the Commanding General's letter only to define the status of a new rank in so far as "customs and courtesies" of the service are concerned. In another paragraph of the same letter it is stated that "a Flight Officer shall have the rank, pay, and allowances provided for a Warrant Officer, Junior Grade." Notice the *rank* is specified—and it's *not* "third lieutenant." So I'll stand pat.

* * *

Here's a suggestion which would be of benefit to a lot of fellows like me. I enlisted in the Army Air Corps Reserve several months ago, but I

Wings

am still waiting to be called to active duty as an aviation cadet. I know that many people wonder how I've escaped the draft or why I'm not wearing a uniform. If I only had some sort of official identification, an emblem or lapel button or pin, it would certainly help and save me much embarrassment.

Pvt. P. G. K., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sounds like a reasonable idea, and from the number of similar letters I've had there seem to be many other men who would welcome such a signal in order to avoid explanations and "save face."

* * *

Aren't you a bit behind the times in giving the insignia and pay of a first sergeant? Since advancement of first sergeants to the first pay grade they now get $138 a month base pay and their insignia has three chev-

His pay

rons with three arcs below and a diamond within the stripes.

1st/Sgt. L. St. G., A. P. O. 98.

Quite right. (As I've explained before, it takes time to print a country-wide circulation job like Liberty, and regulations can and do change in the interim. I knew my data was outdated before it appeared, but there was nothing I could do about it.) And to bring everything up to the minute: if there's a question of rank between first sergeants and master sergeants, now that both are in the first pay grade, it will be determined by seniority if both were appointed after September 1, 1942; but any master sergeant appointed before that date outranks any first sergeant.

* * *

I have had fifteen years' experience as a dog breeder and trainer, and I think I could be doing more good as a dog trainer than as a medico—what the Army is trying to make of me now. Can you give me information about the branch of service that trains dogs for Army use?

Sgt. J. H. W., Camp Barkeley, Tex.

Registering of dogs for Army service is under the supervision of Dogs for Defense, 22 East Sixtieth Street, New York City. Quartermaster Remount Depots which are training centers for dogs in the Army are located at Front Royal, Virginia; Fort Robinson, Nebraska, and San Mateo, California.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

KICK THAT BLOC!

Continued from Page 9

president of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers Association and a moving spirit in the American Protective Tariff League, was the chief figure in the tariff lobby. Largely because of the pressure led by him, the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill shoved import duties up to new high levels at a time when the world was trying to re-establish trade after the last war. We had become the chief creditor nation and our high-tariff policy choked off markets necessary for the recovery of Europe and undoubtedly contributed to the prolonged depression there which encouraged the rise of the Hitlers and the Mussolinis.

It was Hugo Black, now an associate justice of the Supreme Court, who while a senator from Alabama conducted the investigation of the power-lobby activities against the so-called death sentence in the holding-company bill in 1936. He seized telegrams and correspondence which revealed clearly the methods used in bringing pressure on Congress. He also forced into the light the names of contributors to the Liberty League, a reactionary front for some large business interests determined to kill some of the more important reforms of the New Deal.

You can scarcely mention an issue that might come before Congress that doesn't have a lobby organization. Some of these are concerned only with the public interest, as for instance the League of Women Voters. There are peace lobbies and patriotic lobbies, good-roads lobbies, a rivers and harbors lobby. Some are disinterested except as good citizens. Others are frankly concerned with their own direct financial interests, and still others use a laudable cause as a screen for promoting their own interests—as for instance when road contractors shell out to lobby for good roads.

GOVERNMENT departments do a great deal of lobbying to get larger appropriations. The Budget Bureau tries to police this, but not always with success. Often a government agency works in cahoots with an outside pressure group, as when the National Youth Administration worked through youth congresses and such organizations to pressure Congress for appropriations.

Much has been written about the so-called social lobby. A good deal of it is bunk—but not all of it. Senators and representatives are often brought together with lobbyists at dinners or cocktail parties or on the golf course. It is not so much that deals are pulled off at these social affairs as it is that they are used to make contacts and friendships which will later be of use. Often in a deft dinner conversation the harpoon can be sunk in for a kill that will be registered days later in some senator's committee vote. But it is easy to exaggerate this. Most persons who have been around Washington for a while are hardened to this sort of thing and have their guards up.

Congressional blocs are often noisy, contentious, and irritating. But only occasionally do they get out of hand. Often they tie up and delay legislation. Sometimes they affect it materially. But still they constitute just another pressure group against which Congress is on guard. It is when they trade with each other and form temporary coalitions that they get in their really effective work.

THERE are eight states that give their married taxpayers what are known as community property privileges. Husband and wife have equal rights to the two halves of the family fortune, whether it be a million dollars or the husband's weekly wage. Husband and wife file separate federal income-tax returns. The husband's income is thus cut in half for tax purposes and the other half is taken by his wife. Thus the high surtaxes are avoided and the family saves money compared with married taxpayers in states which do not have community property laws.

For several years the Treasury Department has been trying to knock out that form of tax dodging. But those eight states have sixteen senators out of the ninety-six. They have scores of representatives in the House. This forms a bloc that has successfully licked the Treasury time and again. Some of its leaders are high in Congressional authority. One is Speaker Sam Rayburn. Another is Senator Connally, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

This bloc is essentially a Southern group. The South is the home of several other blocs, such as the cotton bloc and the bloc against repeal of the poll tax and against anti-lynching legislation. Because the South is a one-party area, members once in office have a better chance of remaining than legislators from two-party states. Long service gives them high places of power under the seniority system in Congress. Thus they can trade favors all around and get support for their bloc propositions. The Middle West has its wheat bloc which often makes a coalition with the cotton states. The Southeast has

its power bloc, the Southwest its oil bloc. The West has its silver bloc. There indeed is a bloc.

The senators from silver-mining states strong-armed the New Deal in the early days into accepting legislation that forces the Treasury to buy unimaginable quantities of silver at prices far above the world price. It tied silver purchases to gold purchases, and as gold flowed into the country the government had to buy silver in ever greater quantities —a useless and wasteful operation and a pure subsidy to the silver-mining industry. And now the silver bloc has battled with everything it has to prevent the full use of government silver in war production as a substitute for copper, which is desperately short. This pressure is one of the most crassly selfish and most grossly indifferent to the national welfare that have appeared during the war.

UNDER the New Deal, and also with the war, governmental power has shifted to a considerable extent from Congress to the executive. Congress has delegated to executive agencies many powers for making rules and regulations that have the force of law. Accordingly pressure activities have had to shift along with the powers. They always know where the power is and head straight for it.

The laws that Congress makes are often of less concern to some interests than the regulations that the executive agency makes under the law.

This delegation of power has created many new tasks for the representatives of interests at Washington. Some of them never concern themselves with Congress but concentrate on the War and Navy Departments, the Maritime Commission, the Office of Price Administration, the War Production Board, and the Board of Economic Warfare. They must know these agencies inside and out. They must know many of the officials and know who decided what.

The government itself recognizes these pressure groups in setting up advisory and co-operating committees to work with the executive agencies. When James F. Byrnes became the administrator of economic stabilization, an economic stabilization board, purely advisory, was set up. It includes the head of the American Farm Bureau Federation, the head of the United States Chamber of Commerce, and the heads of the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. In the War Production Board Donald Nelson has drawn in representatives of various industry groups to advise the board on problems concerning the industries. The petroleum industry, the American Petroleum Institute, has been given angel's wings and now appears as the Petroleum Industry War Council, meeting regularly to advise Secretary Harold Ickes, petroleum co-ordinator. You might say that these industry representatives, functioning in the way they do with war agencies now, almost constitute a series of legislative councils for the various wartime executives, in a kind of mild suggestion of the corporative state.

We needn't expect that anything can be done to eliminate pressure groups. Proposals have been advanced in the past to register lobbyists. That certainly would do no harm, but it would not help much. Registration could be accomplished by using dummy fronts. You can't make a law to prevent people or delegations from expressing their views. Nobody who believes in self-government would want to. Some government departments have rules forbidding former employees from representing clients before the department until after a lapse of two or three years. I don't have much faith that any such mechanical measures as these will prove effective.

YET the citizen everywhere has a big stake in all of this lobbying and he does not always protect his broader interests. In fact, most of the pressure groups go to citizens they think are directly interested and try to sign them up. They get power in Washington by representing a large number of voters. In the recent anti-inflation fight the farm bloc was defied by Senator Prentiss Brown of Michigan, a most able senator and a courageous one, for he knew that he was taking a chance of defeat in defying the farm bloc. Sure enough, the farm organization lobbyists went out to Michigan and got out the vote and beat him.

You may rest assured that from now on the fate that Senator Brown met for defying the farm lobby will be recalled to put the fear of God into other legislators and to make them toe the line.

All of that is done with the support of voters who become attached to these pressure groups, who allow their names to be used, who do the bidding of the pressure-group agents in Washington.

So, if you are concerned about these groups having too much power, you have the most practical remedy in your own hands. Don't allow your vote to be used by a lobby agent as a threat over a legislator. Don't join any organization that is trying to influence legislation, and don't contribute money to it or sign telegrams or petitions for it unless you know all about its aims, its officers, and have a good idea as to the source of its funds. Our best protection is our own alertness as individual citizens.

THE END

"What's the matter—got a frog in your throat?"

A LITTLE BIT OF GREEN

Continued from Page 15

hood. Besides, people would think that she, in common with so many of her sex, was after his money.

Temp grinned at her. He said graciously, "If you'd care to dine with me tonight on the terrace of my apartment, I'd show you something very interesting."

"I don't doubt it," said Miss Deepford, "so I've an engagement."

Normally he would have sulked. Today he didn't care—much. He was in a tizzy to return to the penthouse and the terrace, to try his glasses.

He arrived home shortly after four. Mortimer brought Martinis to the terrace and Temp began scanning the horizon with the binoculars. The little roof garden sprang into view. It contained some wicker chairs painted green, wooden boxes of perishing flowers and limp ivy, the door leading into the top-floor apartment of the house. There was a table of metalwork, and upon it a large black cat, asleep. Nothing else.

TEMP watched for a long time. Nothing happened except when a sparrow woke the cat into a frenzy, and departed, glad of his wings. The day slanted downward toward the dusk and Temp laid his binoculars aside, frowning. But when ten minutes later he picked them up again, there she was.

Her frock was dark, the watering can was red. Her hair was gold and her figure was high voltage. Temp watched her move about among the flower boxes. She had scissors in her hand now, the watering pot reposed on the table. She snipped at a bloom here and there. She sat down in a long chair and stretched forth legs of which the binoculars approved, and appeared to sleep. Once again the green door flew open and the volcanic visitor appeared. He was young, he was broad-shouldered, he had red hair.

Through the round eyes of the binoculars Temp watched them resume their quarrel. He waited breathlessly for the lady to fling another flowerpot. She did not. But when the young man once more sought to encompass her in his arms she gave him a strong determined shove, and Temp caught his breath, believing that the unwelcome caller would totter into space. But the young man recovered himself as if practiced in such achievement and, after what looked like strong words, departed. Whereupon the lady sat down again in the long chair and lay there quietly.

Husband? thought Temp. . . .

Could be.

"Does she get her own way? Why, she writes her diary a week in advance."

No, not husband. What husband would submit to flowerpots and attempted murder? Yet some do, he thought, as a number of them *are* murdered every year.

In the morning Temp awakened unusually early. It was about eight o'clock. He put on a dressing gown and wandered out on the bedroom terrace. The day had dawned unseasonably warm. He yawned, looked carelessly over the presented and costly view, and gasped. He rushed back to his bedroom and took up the binoculars. Returning, he adjusted them and immediately there swam into view a feminine figure in pajamas. The pajamas were rose pink and the lady's curling hair stood out around her head like a disheveled halo. She was, he saw, watering the flowers again.

Temp put his face into cold water, postponed his shower, postponed his breakfast, dressed, and dashed out of the penthouse and into the special elevator. Mortimer in the kitchen heard him and marveled.

Once on the street, he realized that he had only the vaguest idea where the house with the roof garden was located. How on earth could he identify it from the street level? He prowled up and down one side street after another. He found little lost dwellings, residences turned into one-room apartments, shops with apartments over them. But which, he asked himself wildly, *which*? And how would he know when she was likely to come out? It was hard to concentrate with an empty stomach. Presently he returned to his hotel and went up in the elevator again. He whacked the penthouse door and Mortimer opened it. Mortimer said with aplomb, "Breakfast is served, Mr. Kinsted."

Temp said, "Mortimer, come here." Mortimer obeyed and found himself on the lower terrace. Temp pointed. "That rooftop," he said. "The one with the green door. I want you to go out today and find it . . . I can't. I tried just now. Damned streets all look alike. Houses too. But—"

"I have," Mortimer said primly, "a very excellent sense of direction. And after I have found it, sir?"

"Write down the address," said Temp, "and give it to me tonight."

Mortimer mentally lifted his eyebrows but said nothing except to suggest that the coffee was cooling.

WHEN Temp returned home that night Mortimer handed him a slip of paper. As Temp stared at it, he said, "The address which you asked me to find for you, sir. There is a small restaurant in the basement, of the Greasy Spoon variety, and a

milliner's shop above. Over that, apartments. The third and top floor consists of a large single studio room, with bath, kitchenette, and roof garden. The occupant is a Miss Coral Manning. She is employed as a model in one of the better known specialty dress shops."

"How in hell," asked Temp reasonably, "did you learn all that?"

"I talked with the janitor," said Mortimer simply. "She entertains a steady caller, sir. A newspaper gentleman, the janitor believes."

"Oh, she does, does she?" muttered Temp.

That evening until it grew dark he watched the terrace in vain. No one came out of the little green door. Drat the girl, he thought crossly; the flowers will die of inattention. . . .

The next morning he rose early, having instructed Mortimer to call him. He shaved, he showered, he ate. He strolled out, the address memorized, and presently took up a stand across the street, staring into show windows, strolling hither and yon among the people scurrying forth to work. He crossed the street and became deeply interested in something which might have been a hat dreamed up by a minor lunatic during a fit of indigestion.

MISS MANNING came down the brownstone steps. Temp lost his breath. Divinely tall, divinely fair. . . . He cleared his throat. He halted her and received a blank but courteous look from large and nearly violet eyes. He said, "Miss Manning?"

She smiled, impersonally. She said, "I don't believe I know you."

"But you're going to," said Temp. "You're going to know me very well. Look. May I walk as far as Bergdorf's with you? I've a lot to tell you, you know."

"You may not," said Miss Manning pleasantly, "and good morning to you, Mr. Wolf."

"My name is not . . ." He stopped. He said, with sweeping simplicity, "I'm George Temple Kinsted."

"How thrilling," said Miss Manning. She did not blench, she did not swoon. She looked him up and down. She said, "I never heard of you before, and if I had I would have forgotten by now. Would you let me pass, please?"

Temp was infuriated. He said, "You must have heard of me. I—"

"Oh," said Miss Manning. "*That* Kinsted. And I used to be Brenda Frazier. So . . ."

"But," said Temp desperately, "if you'd give me a chance to explain. Could you lunch with me . . . or perhaps dinner?"

Miss Manning said coldly, "I never eat. And there's a policeman on the corner. He's a friend of mine." She managed to evade Temp's arm and started down the street. Temp said, "Look here. I'm not trying to pick you up."

"Indeed?" said Miss Manning in tones of dry ice. "What are you trying to do—sell me a vacuum cleaner?"

She lengthened her lovely stride. She said, "Oh, Officer Casey . . ."

The blue-coated Law turned and smiled with pleasure. Temp choked, made shift to raise his hat, found he wasn't wearing one, and crossed the street, rage rampant in his heart.

Miss Manning walked on toward her place of business after inquiring about Officer Casey's wife's nerves. She was smiling. She thought, Wait till I tell Jim.

For it *was* Kinsted, she thought further, although for a moment she hadn't believed it. She had seen pictures of him . . . on his yacht, making a goal at Meadowbrook, sprawling upon the platinum sands of Palm Beach, Newport, Southampton. She said to herself, What makes him think he could get away with it?

Temp showed up at the estate offices so early that morning that the manager—who did all the work—took three aspirins. Temp came busily into his office, flicked his eyes over Miss Deepford as if she weren't there, which hurt her a little, and said busily, "I'd like a list of all our midtown properties, especially the converted brownstones."

The manager, Mr. Garrison, said, "Of course, Temp—but . . ."

He looked at Miss Deepford. She went away and presently returned with a sheaf of papers.

"Interested in any special street?"

Temp named one. Mr. Garrison flicked the papers with a practiced finger, handed a sheet to Temp.

Temp said, "There's just a chance . . . Of course if it isn't ours already, we can always acquire it." Then his face gleamed with triumph and he cried, "It is ours, by golly!"

He rose. He leaned on the Garrison desk. He said, "I have been thinking that I should interest myself more personally in the business. Inspect a few of the apartments, for instance. Get to know the tenants, find out what they would like in the way of renovation or—"

Mr. Garrison said hollowly, "But we have a department which attends to that."

"Naturally," said Temp pleasantly, "but, if you don't mind—"

Mr. Garrison minded, but what could he do about it? He watched the door close behind Temp and said hoarsely to Miss Deepford, "Would you mind sending some one out to get me a bromo-seltzer? I feel a headache coming on."

TEMP dined alone in the penthouse, with Mortimer hovering. Before dinner, however, Temp strode to the terrace and consulted his binoculars. What he saw seemed to please him. He ate without due consideration of the superlative food, rose, said, "I shall be out for a little while," and departed.

Descending to the street, he walked to Miss Manning's residence, up the brownstone steps, and pressed her bell. The door buzzed like a bee, relaxed its vigilance, and he went in. A male voice inquired from the top of the stairs, "Who is it?" and Temp replied shortly, "From the renting office," and continued to march upstairs.

Miss Manning's door stood open, but the space was tenanted by a broad-shouldered and redheaded young man. Temp smiled. He said, "Sorry to disturb you, but could I see Miss Manning? The company sent me over to see about redecoration."

Bob Crowley repeated "Company?" and stepped back, puzzled. He said over his shoulder, "Coral . . . some one to see you, on business."

Miss Manning brushed Mr. Crowley aside. Her eyes were violets under ice. She said frostily, "I've no doubt," and regretted that she had not as yet told Bob of her encounter with Mr. Kinsted earlier in the day.

She added, "Well, now you've seen me. So would you please go away?"

She wore a black crepe dress. She was entirely beautiful.

Temp produced a correct business card. He said, "I am afraid you misunderstand me, Miss Manning. I represent the Kinsted Estates, which own this building. Checking, this morning, I perceived that this apartment had not been redecorated in some time. I was sent here therefore to ask when it would be most con-

HOPE

If sweet Lizette has turned you down,
And Chloe, and lovely Lorna,
Remember this: big is the town—
You never know who's round the corner!

—CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

venient, and also, as we try to please our tenants, what particular renovation you would prefer."

"For heaven's sake," said Mr. Crowley, "ask him in and tell him about the particularly leprous bathroom, the recent leak in the roof, and that the color of these four walls gives me jaundice."

Miss Manning, startled, stood aside and said, "Won't you come in, Mr. Kinsted?"

HERS was a large room, furnished in a comfortable, haphazard manner. The kitchenette was miniature. There was a gate-leg table in a corner of the living room, which made it a dining room; and there was a large be-pillowed divan, which made it a bedroom; and a maple desk, which made it a writing room; and some laden bookshelves, which made it a library.

She said, as it were, between her teeth, "All right, you asked for it. As for convenience, I'm going on my vacation in July. . . . I'd like a replaster job and repainting, fresh paper in the bathroom, the leak attended to, and new flower boxes on the terrace."

Temp nodded, took notes gravely, and found himself committed to an all-out job of renovating the flat.

Later he followed Miss Manning and Mr. Crowley out to the rooftop, where he admired the flowers—petunias, geraniums, and the trailing ivy. He said plaintively, "Would you mind awfully if I sit down?" He sat. Bob rose. He said, "Coral has some brandy. I know—I gave it to her. Would you like a snort? If you prefer whisky, I can get some downstairs from Tony."

Temp was astute enough to prefer brandy, which he hated.

While Bob was fixing the drinks Coral Manning said quietly, "Look, Mr. Kinsted . . . I suppose you *are* Mr. Kinsted . . . is this a gag?"

Temp thought rapidly. He said, "No, of course not. I do represent the Kinsted Estates. I am, in a manner of speaking, your landlord. The apartment does need doing over. But I wanted to meet you. I've been watching you every day—"

"Watching me . . ." she gasped.

He made an upward gesture. "I live there," he said, indicating the towering hotel, "in a penthouse with terraces. I have binoculars . . ."

"Why, you . . ."

He said, "Don't throw that flowerpot."

"I wasn't going to . . . I . . ." She blushed. "You saw me throw one at Bob."

"I did. He ducked."

She said, "It must have looked . . . but sometimes he makes me mad. He hasn't been called in the draft, so he wants to go abroad and be a war correspondent. I'm not marrying him just to be his wife by remote control."

Temp's heart thudded. "Marrying him?"

"Naturally," said Miss Manning, pleased at the effect as any woman would be. "I wouldn't throw flowerpots at any one I wasn't going to marry, would I?"

Bob came out bearing drinks. He raised his glass and grinned at Temp. He said, "A landlord who redecorates without a struggle is a rarity. To the beginning," he added, "of a beautiful friendship."

IT proved to be just that. Mr. George Temple Kinsted began going out once more. Once again he became the genial host, and *bistros* and *boîtes* were made glamorous by his charm and jingled with his cash. He was very careful, suggesting a quiet dinner here or a bite of supper there, just the three of them. Or did Coral know a nice girl? She knew lots of nice girls, all of them good-looking. He talked himself into his role, benevolent landlord, rich young man lonely as a cloud, with no real friends. Bob was a real friend. He didn't give a damn for the Kinsted money. Coral was a real friend. She was in love with good old Bobby, she was no predatory female trying to marry the Kinsted Estates.

They had fun that spring. Bob was completely sold on Temp. "He's a good egg," he told Coral. "Maybe he'll reduce your rent and we can live here in luxury . . . once you make up your mind to set the date."

She wouldn't, because Bob was possessed by the idea of going abroad and having a look at what was happening. He was even more set on it than ever, because Temp had talked to him privately over various glasses over various tables while the girls were in the various powder rooms. Temp said he understood how Coral felt; women were like that. The thing was to cinch a job and then take no nonsense. Just say, "Look, I've the job and I leave in a couple of weeks. Take me or leave me."

Temp was pretty sure that Coral, her temper of the hair-trigger variety, would leave Bob without taking him. So sure that he made it a point to browse among influential editorial circles. Some of the Kinsted money had been invested in a large daily paper. Temp had never taken any interest in it before. He did now.

"Operator, give me any number—I want to make new friends."

Soon, he thought, he could send Bob around with a letter of introduction. He'd have to work fast. Before his commission came through.

Out of town, his mother clamored; out of town, various old pals with estates and swimming pools bade him arrive for week-ends. But Temp stayed in the city. Who ever heard of such a thing? The columnists chewed their typewriters and Temp eschewed all his old friends.

Coral had softened. Temp was nice. He was spoiled but lonely. He was all right. Look how he had reacted when he learned that she was irrevocably committed to Bob. She was sorry for him, and she liked him. She understood him.

Presently Temp, having accomplished the impossible, gave Bob a letter of introduction, very secretly. "Go see this guy," he said. "It's in the bag." He smote Bob upon the shoulder. "Good luck, feller."

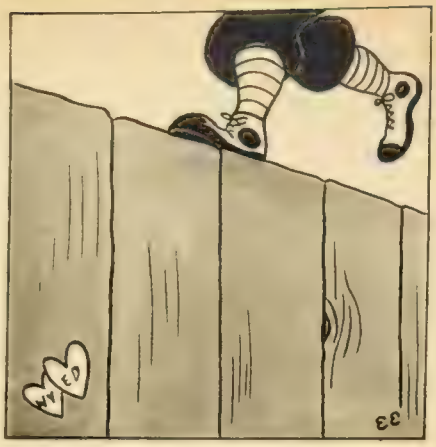
On the next evening Temp, from his hotel terrace, regarded the Manning rooftop through the binoculars. There was Coral, without the watering can. There was Bob, bursting through the green door to tell her the good news . . . news which Temp had already confirmed over the telephone and through the editor himself. A roving assignment in Europe —one which would take him within sight and sound of bomb and bullet —an assignment any red-blooded reporter would give his eyeteeth for. . . . Bob was young, he wasn't known, and that was what had sold the editor. Temp had said earnestly, "You make a mistake. All your foreign correspondents have names, opinions, prejudices. This kid is young, fresh, and eager. He has what it takes—a clear unprejudiced eye and no sense of his own importance. He trained on your paper. . . . Sure you fired him, but he got another job and he works at it. In any event, as a favor to me . . ."

WELL, it had its points. A reporter, barely out of the cub stage, sent to see things and report them from the viewpoint of the average young man; a kid who never had a by-line and whom no one knew, and who therefore would be apt to win the confidence of the man in the street.

Temp watched through the binoculars. He saw the embrace and swore. He saw Bob's excitement, conveyed by his pacing of the tiny roof and gesticulating hands. He saw Coral rise from her chair. He saw harsh words, if he did not hear them.

A flowerpot crashed, and the green door closed, and Coral was alone, flinging herself into a chair

FOOTNOTES



His Girl's Fence

Temp put away the binoculars. He smiled. He had sworn Bob to secrecy. He had said, ". . . on the condition you don't tell her I gave you the letter. You know how women are—they are much more impressed with an achievement if they think it's been won single-handed."

He left the hotel and presently knocked on Coral's door. He knocked louder. He called. Now there was a little sound, there were footsteps, and Coral said, sniffling, "Who is it? Go away."

"Just Temp. May I come in?"

She opened the door. She was one of those rare girls who look well after weeping. She said, "Hello, Temp," mournfully.

"Where's Bob?"

"He's gone," said Coral, "and if I never see him again . . ."

"Oh," said Temp, "quarreling again?" He drew her into the room with him, sat her down on the divan. "Tell uncle all about it."

Coral leaned her head against an impeccably tailored shoulder. She said, "The damned fool's gone and gotten himself a foreign correspondent job after all. He wants me to marry him before he goes. I told him I wouldn't, and not after he returns either. I don't want to see him again," she said. "Not ever."

"There, there," said Temp and patted her hair. "He's a swine . . ."

"He is not," said Coral indignantly. She rose and went to the rooftop to water the flowers with her tears. Temp followed.

"I didn't mean it," he said contritely. "As a matter of fact I think he's right. He's only doing what he feels compelled to do—and no woman should stand between a man and his career. A woman who really loved him would send him on his way; wait for him—"

Coral slung a flowerpot and he forgot to duck.

When he came to he was lying in the long chair and Coral was bathing his forehead. There was a bump upon his aristocratic head. Coral was saying, "Temp, will you ever forgive me?"

He felt his head gingerly and had a moment of grave misgiving, but it passed. "Of course," he said. He smiled weakly over his headache. "That makes me one of the family," said Temp, landlord of all he surveyed.

FROM then on things happened, but fast. Bob had resigned his old job and was getting ready for his new one. In about two weeks he would start abroad by Clipper. Three attempts to see Coral had failed. But he had seen Temp. Temp had said sorrowfully, "I'll never forgive myself for this, Bob. I've worked on her, I've done and said everything possible. But she just can't see it or you. She's like most women, she has to come first—"

"Gee," said Bob, "you're a good egg, Temp."

"Of course," said Temp hopefully, "if you stop trying to see her—if you just go off . . .?" He painted a picture for Bob's benefit. The silent hero, going into danger without a word of farewell. . . . Presently his name ringing around the world. Coral sitting by a radio, tense and white, or reading with remorse and pride the stirring messages under the Crowley by-line! "And then," said Temp, "when you return . . ."

"Sounds good," said Bob and ceased to telephone or to hammer on Miss Manning's door.

A week passed. At the end of a week Temp took Coral to dinner at a place where he was so well known that he was ignored. He said gravely, "I've seen Bob, Coral. He's —well, you know what he's like when his mind's made up."

"He doesn't love me," said Coral.

"He loves his work," said Temp after a pause. "He's very ambitious. If I were in his shoes—" He looked at her. "The hell with it," he said. "I wouldn't care for a dozen careers. I'd pass up being Quent Reynolds or Sheean or anybody if I could be with you."

"Why, Temp—"

He put his hand thoughtfully to his head. He said, "No flowerpots here. I didn't mean to say anything. I fell in love with you through the business end of my binoculars. I hunted you down. But when I saw how it was between you and Bob I knew I hadn't a chance. But your friendship has been compensation," he ended nobly; "the friendship of you both."

She was touched. She was flattered. She thought, Well, I might do worse. All right, maybe I will. Mrs. George Temple Kinsted. Not to be sneezed at unless you're allergic to all the money in the world. . . . Serve him right, she thought savagely, and she wasn't thinking of Temp.

She smiled. Aloud she said, "You're sweet, Temp," and when a little later he asked her if she would care to motor out to the country with him the next day she said yes, she'd like that very much.

On the way to Connecticut Coral exclaimed over every garden they passed. She said, "You don't know how I love growing flowers, Temp. My silly little roof garden . . . I slave over it. In the winter I can't wait for spring to come."

He said indulgently, "You'll like the gardens at Kinbar, Coral."

"Kinbar?"

His mother's maiden name was Barry, he explained.

Stone gateposts, lawns, parks, everything but stags at bay. The house was a pile of gray stone, wing on wing. Even so, it bulged with Temp's five sisters and their male and female house guests. It was also replete with a couple of princes, a stray countess or two, a motion-picture actress, a famous male dressmaker, and an ex-bootlegger, all friends of Temp's mother, who greeted him in a whispered scream: "Where *have* you been?" she demanded, and then, "And *who* is this?" and afterward, in a louder whisper, "What a pretty girl!—but then, all Temp's girls are pretty."

A swimming pool, a borrowed bathing suit. One of the princes started to drown, but Temp's fourteen-year-old sister pulled him out and sat on his back. The dressmaker swooned and had to be revived.

LUNCHEON was a tasty dish, part French chef and part madhouse manners, and afterward Coral, her eyes slightly glazed, went walking with Temp in the garden. Temp said, as they descended some stone steps, "Darling . . . if ever you think you could stand me . . . you'll have all the flowers in the world to play with, and a greenhouse."

She asked, "Is it your house, Temp?"

"Oh, sure," he said cheerfully. "Of course, mother and the girls live here, but that will be company for you when I get my commission. Maybe," he added, "we'll have time for a honeymoon before they send me overseas."

Coral was silent. She was thoughtful. Temp's mother and sisters would be—and have—company, all right.

They reached the gardens, acres of them. Men toiled amid the budding flowers, lots of men, if not as many as formerly. Lawn mowers zizzed. Birds sang. Bees bumbled. There was an old-fashioned garden, a Greek garden, a formal garden, a rose garden, an Italian garden, a walled garden. . . .

All were beautiful, complete, the finished product. They were locked in constant battle, grim insect against grimmer gardener. The gardeners were an army; they fought blight, disease, and winged menace. They fought too much rain and too little, fought too much sun and not enough. For this fight they were paid, and very well.

In the rose garden Coral, still dazed, looked around her, sighing. She said, "I've never seen such beautiful roses."

Indulgently Temp produced a gold pocketknife. He said, "Well, darling, make your selection."

A white bud, a flushed pink bud, a bud of rose gold . . . her hand hovered over them. The penknife had all but descended when a voice spoke:

"Now, now. You know better than that, Mr. Temp. This isn't the cutting garden. If the young lady wants

Get extra use from every blade—
Use Thin Gillettes and look top-grade!
They mow down stubble plenty fast—
Give thrifty, easy shaves that last!

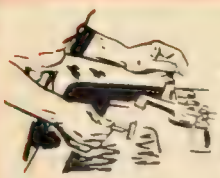
Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

Easy Way To Get Even More Shaves With Every Gillette Blade

1 WASH FACE thoroughly with hot water and soap to soften beard and eliminate accumulated grit that dulls shaving edges

2 APPLY LATHER or Brushless Shaving Cream while face is wet. If lather is used, dip your brush in water frequently

3 TWO EDGES double blade life. Marks indicated at left identify edges, enabling you to give both equal use and get extra shaves



4 CLEAN BLADE in razor by loosening handle, then rinsing in hot water and shaking. Wiping the blade is likely to damage the edges

some posies, I'll have one of the men pick her a basketful."

Temp shut the knife and put it in his pocket. He said, "This is MacIntyre, our head gardener, Coral, and his word is law. Sorry, Mac."

Gardeners, especially head gardeners, are like dictators. They can afford temperament if no one else can. Mr. MacIntyre's faded blue eyes examined each and every rose, looked sharply at Coral's empty hands, and grew quieter. He said, "You see, miss, no one ever touches *my* flowers."

She and Temp sped back to town, and in the back of the car was a basket of posies from the cutting garden. Each had been approved by Mac himself.

At her door, "No," she said, "don't come up. . . . I'm a little tired. I've had a lovely day. . . . Yes, I'll see you soon. . . ."

She marched upstairs with the basket. She thought, If I married Temp I'd have acres of gardens, sisters-in-law and house guests. Acres of gardens and not one bit of green to call my own. She thought of Mac, the floral Gestapo, and shuddered.

SHE opened her door. Bob was there. He was smoking a pipe. He had been prowling. Coral dropped the basket. "How did you get in?" she demanded.

"Bill."

Bill was the janitor.

"He had no right," she began. "Oh . . . oh!" she said again and began to weep. "Oh, Bob!"

She flung herself into his arms. She said, "I'll marry you as soon as we can . . . even if you do go away. . . . I don't want anything but to know I'm married to you—although I still think you're a fool and crazy and selfish and—"

"Skip it," said Bob. "The big shot changed his mind. He's sending a best seller novelist over to report the war. Not me. He's decided it's too risky. The name's the thing. Temp thought he had him persuaded and so did I."

"*Temp* persuaded him?"

"Oh, sure—gave me a letter. He owns a lot of stock in the Daily Report. No harm telling you now that it's over. . . . I said I wouldn't, but—"

She said, thinking hard things of Mr. Kinsted, "So you haven't any job, either."

"I sure have," said Bob. "I'm a private in the U. S. Army. They gave me a few days to wind up my affairs. That includes getting married. How about it? Maybe it isn't fair to you, but—"

"You're wonderful," said Coral, "and I love you to pieces. We'll get married right away. But first," she announced, extricating herself from his embrace, "I must water the flowers. We—we'll have quite a garden when you get home."

They went out on the roof and Coral watered her flowers. She could pick them if she liked. They were hers. She grew them. She could even throw flowerpots.

From his terrace Temp regarded the scene through the binoculars. He saw Coral and he saw Bob. Now and then Coral set down the watering pot and they embraced.

Temp went indoors and rang up his editorial friend at his home. The big shot explained carefully. Sorry to disappoint Temp and all that but, after all, a novelist with a fresh slant and a big name . . . and Bob was very young, wasn't he?

"What about his job?" asked Temp, after a moment.

"I offered him one," said the editor, "at a raise—but he wouldn't take it. He's enlisting; said he couldn't be bothered waiting till his number came up."

Temp hung up. Well, it had been fun while it had lasted. He was a good loser. But he contemplated with horror the days ahead in which he would go on waiting for a commission and look in vain for another interlude of interest.

Coral was a pretty girl. He had loved and lost her. He would recover. He had done so before. And when he recovered, he'd look around a bit and see what dish came next on the emotional menu. Meanwhile maybe Bob had the right idea.

ON an impulse, he dialed Coral's number. Bob answered. And Temp said carelessly:

"Temp speaking. Congratulations. I've been regarding you from the terrace. Only the brave deserve the fair. And I hear you've enlisted."

"How?" asked Bob, startled.

"My spies are everywhere. I'm enlisting myself, tomorrow. You need some one to keep an eye on you. And if there's time, may I be best man?"

After a little while he hung up. He grinned. He felt better than he had in years. He was no longer bored. Let the family, the admirals, and the generals fume. What was good enough for the majority was good enough for him.

He called Mortimer. He said, "I'm enlisting in the morning." He thought, Miss Deepford was an unusually pretty girl, if adamant. But, after all, when a guy goes off to war—

THE END

HITLER'S CHRISTMAS CAROLS

By Albert A. Brandt

CHRISTMAS in Germany has been taken over, lock, stock, and barrel, by the Nazis. Hitler is paraded in the roles of Saviour, Lord, and Santa Claus. The Christmas carols have been rewritten under his direct supervision.

Silent Night, Holy Night is there, but it is a Nazi night. In the new version the Holy Family is replaced by Hitler:

Silent night, holy night.
The Führer alone patiently watches,
Blessing Germany, shielding her,
Only thinking of her.

Silent night, holy night.
All sleep, but alone Adolf Hitler
Protects the fate of Germany,
Leads her to greatness, glory, and fortune,
Grants to us Germans our merited power.

On Christmas Eve the informed Nazi family will sing the old hymn, The Saviour, thus:

Out of the Far East came
From the fatherland of God
The Saviour who illumes the universe;
For our glorious Germany
The Lord sent us
The Leader who glorifies all.

All worthy Nazis sing their praise of Hitler the saviour:

Great is his power to perform;
His deeds are sturdy and his walk majestic.
Adolf Hitler, devout Christian,
Accept our humble Christmas greetings,
Our promise ever to obey you. . . .

Adolf Hitler supplants Jesus in the Third Reich.

Continued from Page 13

violently against each other for forty-five minutes and emerge from the fray unmarked. The coming American generation is going to demand something more rugged, dangerous, and exciting.

Wrestlers have catered more to the customers' desire to see some one get hurt. Their imitations of pain and mayhem are fakes, of course, but since many gullible spectators believe the violence they see is real, the public is already conditioned for the genuine thing.

A FAVORITE contest of the old Greeks and Romans was the pancratium, a free-for-all to a finish. It was bare-fisted, with no blows barred, gouging, kicking, judo, and strangling permitted. Only biting was banned. In our coming revival of the pancratium, we will skip this sissy refinement, since our wrestlers already *simulate* biting, to the delight of the audience.

I am convinced that we are to see such bouts, honestly and lethally contended, within the next quarter of a century. It is inconceivable that the boys who come back from Commando raids, beach and desert and jungle fighting, will sit enthralled while two pampered, pompadoured Fancy Dans, wearing mittens to protect their manicures, leap about a ring like startled fawns.

Prefight dope on a forthcoming match twenty years from now may read something like this:

"All roads lead to the United Nations Stadium tonight where Stamper Jones of Great Britain, world's bare-hand Commando champion, defends his title against Butch McCoy, American Ranger challenger, before an anticipated crowd of 150,000 spectators.

"Jones is a tricky, dangerous fighter, but fans still recall McCoy's astonishing victory in Boston last month when he defeated Kaunaskas, the Lithuanian bear, breaking both his legs in seven seconds flat.

"Experts are counting on McCoy's speed to avoid Jones' vicious body stamp which claimed his last three victims. If the young American can get in his crushing side-hand blow to the windpipe before he is brought down by Jones' devastating ankle kick, fans may see a new champion crowned," etc., etc. . . .

Skill and gentlemanly sports such as track and field, tennis, golf, rowing are out till long after peace.

Take a good look at the track-and-field records on the books today, because they are going to remain as they are for many years to come. For supremacy in those fields is less the product of a general physical superiority than of the most painstaking, refined, and scientific coaching the world has ever known. The sprinter with some aptitude for running can negotiate the hundred in ten seconds flat. It is when those difficult, leaden tenths of seconds must be stolen from the figure 10 that the superrefinements of talent plus teaching and constant practice enter the field. None of these will be available in the near future.

The heroes of the boys of today—the heroes of the athletes of tomorrow—storm the beaches at Dieppe and Tulagi, sail the seas, fly the bombers and fighter planes, and ride the steel-clad thunder wagons. As long as the war lasts, boys will play at some form of Commando training. Muscle will develop accordingly. The coming generations will be more heavily muscled and therefore less adaptable to the refinement called for by the classic assaults on time and distance.

Some form of Commando race against men or time over a set distance, perhaps carrying a weight equal to a soldier's pack under and through a series of standardized obstacles such as water ditches, smooth nine-foot fences, barbed wire, and other barriers, will undoubtedly be a feature of future athletic meets.

Lawn tennis will vanish as a spectator attraction. It was always, in my arrogant opinion, a sissy sport. In our modern times it was played by undeniably masculine young men and women, but there was still a certain aura of sweetness and lifted pinky surrounding even the great national tournaments.

A year from today, I predict, a youngster wouldn't want to be found dead with a tennis racket in his hand when his brother is driving a tank or navigating a bomber, or his old man is an officer leading a detachment of doughboys down the flaming road to Berlin.

Twenty-five years from now no one will understand the term "tennis bum" unless one of us oldsters is still alive to tell the tale to the dandies who spent their time touring the country clubs, patting a felt-covered ball with a bat constructed chiefly of the digestive system of *pusscat domesticus*.

The very nature of golf, an expensive luxury sport, played over costly acreage by men of wealth and leisure, indicates its temporary obliteration from the national scene in the years just ahead. No tires and gasoline for cars, no rubber for golf balls, no steel for clubs—and bang goes your game. And bang go golf courses all over the United States. Cause of death: nonsupport. In 1934 there were 5,728 golf courses in the United States; in 1963 there may be 500 left.

Hero worship of professional and champion golfers has already vanished. One shudders today to remember that one once wrote about the flaming courage, steely nerves, and iron will that enabled some youth to roll a little ball into a hole by patting it with a crooked stick. Farewell to golf, then, for the time being; but I hope not forever. The game is clean and healthy and more fun than a barrel of marmosets. I hope 1963 will see it stirring.

LACK of transportation and finance plus new habits formed while colleges are serving as military training schools will bring about radical changes in college sports. The other day a slightly baffled father informed me that his son, a towering mainstay of the Harvard crew, was abandoning the sweeps and was now spending his free time learning how to jump on somebody else's neck with intent to fracture. Nonviolent sports will vanish; intramural, body-contact, and participation sports will become the rule.

All this points to a healthier, tougher, more virile nation of men who will participate in games instead of sitting in a grandstand, paying some one to do it for them. The Americano is a gay, ingenious, play-loving soul. If some of today's games go by the board, he will find others. His play is merely going to get rougher. And more of him is going to take part.

When peace and prosperity return, there will begin—slowly at first, but gaining momentum rapidly—an athletic and sports renaissance that will make the late and unlamented golden era look like tarnished brass. A tougher, harder, better people will make the records of today look just as slow and outdated as those of 1900 look to us now. What we've learned from the past will lead us to a dynamic future.

THE END

STATISTIC

Girls will find
That men grow chummier
Much faster in
The spring than summier.

—LYNN GOODWIN.

as every one knew. There were hangings and terror among people alleged by the British to have broken their parole, unwillingly given, not to take up arms in the Patriot cause, and inhabitants round about the city were taking the oath of allegiance to save their skins and property.

Jefferson had admitted freely in a letter to Mr. Wythe that there was very little to oppose the British advance on Virginia except ill equipped green militia and a small force of Continentals under de Kalb, who had been rushed South to reinforce Lincoln, and was now at Richmond trying to accumulate supplies of food, wagons, and horses. (Jefferson had by now succeeded Patrick Henry as governor of Virginia and the capital had been moved inland to Richmond.)

Julian said at the end of the meal, "I am going to Richmond tomorrow."

They stared at him, stricken.

"F-for long?" quavered Aunt Anabel, guessing the answer.

"Yes. I shan't come back till the war is won."

"Oh, Julian, I'm glad you said *won,*" said Dorothea softly. "You used not to be so sure—"

"I used to be more of a fool than I am now," he answered brusquely. "I don't know how or when—but it's got to be won. Else this country won't be fit for people like you to live in," he finished, and laid his hand over Aunt Anabel's with impulsive affection.

AS they rose from the table, Aunt Anabel laid trembling lips against his cheek, murmured something about a parcel for his journey, and went away, blowing her nose. He followed Dorothea into the drawing room, and she paused beside the spinet, idly fingering the keys with one hand, fighting for composure. He came and stood beside her, and took the slim faltering fingers in his.

"You mustn't be unhappy about this," he said gently. "I haven't felt right about things since St. John put on a uniform, you know."

"You aren't like Sinjie. He loves a fight—always has."

There was a silence between them, her hand lying warm in his. She seemed to be waiting for something. Slowly she turned to him, lifting her face to see him better, and laid her other hand on his shoulder.

"Good luck, Julian. I—we'll be thinking of you, praying for you. Promise to come back safe."

"I'll come back safe," he repeated gravely, and looked away from her round the gracious room—the only home he had ever known. "I shall remember this house, no matter where I am. You have been very good to me, you and Aunt Anabel. You know," he smiled, "even before you came, they promised me a sister."

Dorothea snatched her hand from him and stepped back, her chin up. He had never seen her angry before.

"I am *not* your sister!" she cried, and stamped her foot at him. "I'm not even kissing kin, and I'll thank you to remember it!"

She was gone, with a rustle of skirts, into the hall and up the stairs on flying feet. A door slammed.

Julian looked after her, astonished and rather hurt. He had had no idea of presuming to kiss her. He found his hat on the table in the hall and let himself out into the street.

WHEN he told Regina he was going to Richmond, she assumed that he would ask for a commission, and when he doubted his fitness as an officer, she inquired if he had lost his mind entirely and just what did he intend to do.

"What they seem to need now is a lot of men to carry muskets and shoot them off at people in red coats," he told her patiently. "I thought perhaps I could learn to do that."

"St. John will be pleased! Why not go and take orders from him?"

where he is."

"Haven't you heard from him?" she asked quickly.

"Not since Christmas. He was at Morristown then, but it's time for the summer campaign. Washington will be on the move from there."

"He can't move far from New York! He doesn't dare!"

"Regina, don't let's quarrel over Washington now," he pleaded. "I didn't come to argue the Patriots' cause with you." He stood watching her sadly from across the room. "I only came to look at you once more—to hear your voice. I know I've no right, as St. John's friend, to say these things to you; but I know, too, that they won't matter very much, one way or the other, in the end. It's St. John you love, and that's as it should be." She tried furiously to interrupt him, but he overruled her without raising his voice, and went on. "Before I go I only want to say—I love you, Regina. I love you. That's really all I came to say. And then, good-by."

He moved toward her slowly, and she rose to meet him. Her breath came between parted lips, her blue eyes were wide and waiting. He took both her hands and stood looking down at her, filling his sight with her beauty.

"If things were a little different," he said, "I might be asking you to marry me."

"If things were only a little dif-

"And she wouldn't let us play post office at her daughter's birthday party!"

ferent," she whispered, "I might be saying yes."

He kissed her, his hands holding hers.

"Thank you," he said, and went.

The sun was low behind the trees and the quick Southern dusk was near when he came to himself—he had no idea how much later—in the road beyond the Capitol. Not far ahead the oyster shells which lined the path leading down to Tibby's home were pale in the shadows. He paused a moment and stood staring at the cabin in a daze. Yes, of course—he could not go away without seeing Tibby.

He crossed the road. Kit was hoeing in the garden patch.

"Is Tibby there?" Julian called.

"Yes, sir. Shall I fetch her out?"

"Please."

He leaned against the gatepost and waited for Tibby, his eyes on the last bright streaks of sunlight which caught the treetops along the creek. He must talk to her alone. No fuss. Tibby wouldn't make a fuss. . . .

SHE came to him swiftly down the path, with her greenish eyes shining. She wore her braids pinned in a tight knot at the nape of her neck now, and carried her head high on its slender stem.

"Will you come with me?" he asked, and unquestioningly she opened the gate and came through it to walk at his side.

They walked toward the Landing, which was deserted now, and stood together on the bridge above the sluggish water. Julian took off his hat and leaned his elbows on the railing and stood looking down. Tibby hooked her heels over the bottom rail and hoisted herself up with the ease of habit, to sit facing him beside where his elbows rested. This brought their heads almost on a level, and whereas he stood gazing into the dirty water below them, she saw only Julian Day almost under her hand—preoccupied as he often was with her, in trouble apparently, but seeking her company.

"You're going to the war," she said at last, and he smiled.

"How did you know that?"

"I knew you would go, sooner or later. I knew you'd think it was right to go."

"Weren't you ever ashamed of me, Tibby—for not taking sides?" His eyes seemed to her to plead for something she did not know how to give. "I wonder you didn't disown me when Mr. Sprague went North."

Tibby looked back at him mutely, while her heart pounded somewhere at the top of her throat. She gripped the railing on either side of her and struggled against dizziness. It crossed her mind to tell him that you can't disown God; but that would sound profane, so she said nothing and prayed instead that she would not topple backward into the water.

"Poor Tibby," he was saying. "Why do you put up with me? No one else can."

"Was Miss Regina very angry," she asked astutely, "because you're going to the war?"

"According to Miss Regina, I am joining the wrong army," he confessed, with a wry smile.

"Her and that David Allen!" Tibby lifted her nose.

"How on earth did you ever hear of him?"

"Mr. Sprague. He laughed. He always laughs about David Allen, but it hurts him just the same. Is it true that she never saw him all that time he was here?"

"Yes, it's true."

"She doesn't deserve him."

"She loves him, though, Tibby. We might as well make up our minds to that, you and I."

He laid his arm across her lap to the rail on the other side of her. It brought their left shoulders near together as he leaned a little toward her, holding the rail beyond. She wondered if he would notice her heart pounding a few inches from his sleeve. "You and I." What did he mean by that? It sounded nice, but what did it mean?

"All this about David Allen," he was saying—"that's just to save her pride. But if she married him—or any one else—it would be just to spite Mr. Sprague. You know that, don't you? And you want him to have a chance to be happy with her when he comes back—don't you?"

"Why, yes, of course," said Tibby, who would never have questioned St. John's right to happiness with whatever woman he chose. But any one could see what the trouble was, just as she had always suspected. "Oh, Mr. Day!" she cried, and laid her arms around him. "You wanted her, too!"

"We must try not to—not to grudge it them, mustn't we?" And with an odd, breathless sound he hid his face against her shoulder.

TIBBY held him, sitting motionless with awe and amazement. He was breaking his heart over Regina Greensleeves, but he was here in the mothering arms of Tibby Mawes, where he had come of his own accord, seeking comfort. Intoxicated with her own daring, she laid her face against Julian's hair. He seemed not to know. She racked her brains for anything to offer him in his need—for philosophy or consolation in his trouble.

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(To be continued in an early issue.)

"I don't care if you *did* spend twenty years in vaudeville, you can't practice your juggling act *here!*"

"Would you like me to say you a piece?" she whispered dubiously, and he nodded against her shoulder while his arm tightened to draw her closer.

"'Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night,'" said Tibby, with her cheek against his hair; "'nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that . . .'"

When she had finished, he stirred, and lifted his head slowly, and leaned again on the railing, his arm still lying across her lap. It was too dark now to see his face.

"You're sweet, Tibby," he said. "You're sweet and strong and very wise."

She knew that it was love of him that gave her what wisdom she had—and it crossed her mind to tell him that she was nearly sixteen now, and old enough, surely, to work things out for herself, and to be of some use to people, if only they would stop thinking of her as a child. It was no child's love she felt for him any more, she knew, still tingling as she was with the warmth and size of him in her arms. This was the lord of all her world, and there would never be any other. But how could one presume to point out to him, and he the schoolmaster—how could one say to him, even in the dark—that there was nothing he could ask of her that was not his for the taking? He had left his heart with Regina.

"You're brave too, Tibby, braver than I," he was saying. "You don't cry out when the screw turns."

"I don't know what you mean," she said helplessly. "But if I were a boy I would run away and go to the war with you."

"If you were a boy we might drown our sorrows in persimmon beer tonight!" he said with an effort at cheerfulness, and straightened from the railing. In the dark his hands found her shoulders and he lifted her down. "As it is, I shall now see you safely home."

"When do you go?" she asked as they picked their way along the dusty road.

"Tomorrow morning."

"And what will you do?"

"Whatever they tell me to at Richmond."

They paused at her gate, and he stood looking down at her, bareheaded in the moonlight, her hand in his.

"Well, Tibby—this is good-by."

"I—I'm not so very brave, after all," she discovered—and leaned against him, a hand at her throat.

"Why, Tibby—" He was infinitely touched. "You aren't going to cry. Tibby, will you miss me so much?" she wanted to sob at him that you must miss the air you breathe and the light of the sun in the heavens. Instead, she set her teeth and stood away from him.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I was acting like a crybaby. Good-by, sir."

"Good-by." He bent swiftly and kissed her cheek. "Good-by, sweetheart. And God keep you!"

"Thank you, sir," said Tibby unsteadily—and then, because it was bad luck to watch a person out of sight, she hid her face in her arms on top of the gate while his footsteps receded into the dark.

THE hot sun was coming up behind him as Julian rode out of Williamsburg that morning in early June of 1780.

At Charles City Courthouse, a chance conversation at the only inn revealed that de Kalb had moved from Richmond down to Petersburg and was there awaiting orders, reinforcements, supplies—he had need of them all. With him was an inadequate army of perhaps two thousand Continentals—veteran Maryland and Delaware troops. With Charleston fallen, his little corps hadn't a hope unless reinforcements came in soon.

Looking very thoughtful, Julian rode without hesitation to the nearest ferry, and crossed the James River, bound for Petersburg.

It was a small town, easily swamped by even a small army. Julian dismounted in front of the tavern, which was swarming with soldiers, and began to tie his reins to the hitching bar. A rough-looking man in a sort of uniform of faded brown stuff and a military cap eased up beside him and spoke confidentially out of the corner of his mouth:

"Wouldn't leave that horse alone by hisself here if I was you."

"Why not?" asked Julian.

"We need horses. You wouldn't be aimin' to sell him?"

"I might. Who are you?"

"Sergeant Appleby, Sixth Maryland."

"You get me into the Sixth Maryland and we'll see about the horse," Julian suggested, and the sergeant blinked.

"Mean you figger to enlist?"

"Well, I thought it was about time, yes."

"Young feller, you come along with me—and bring that horse."

JULIAN followed him down the middle of the busy street, leading the horse, which drew covetous glances on every side. After certain dim formalities of enrollment, he found himself a private in the Sixth Maryland. The sergeant led away the horse to sell, and because he had

liked Julian at sight he returned to him almost half of its sale price. He had already placed Julian in the care of a friend, Neddy Price, for instruction in military life and the inner mysteries of a musket.

Neddy was a lean, hard-bitten man with a big nose. They sat together in the hot dusk beyond the cook fires, slapping mosquitoes and downing mugs of soup, and Neddy's talk rambled on while Julian listened attentively.

The army at Petersburg had heard of Charleston's fall only the day before, and it had been a bad blow. They were too late now, and too few, but they would keep on southward, hoping for reinforcements, harrying Clinton as much as possible, but of necessity keeping out of his reach. The baron was no man to give up, said Neddy with pride, and Julian saw that de Kalb was popular with his men. He had a French aide, du Buysson, like a son to him, and the adjutant, Colonel Williams, was a fine soldiering man. And then there was Armand's legion, a scant hundred and fifty cavalrymen, mostly Europeans, a tough motley crew wanting a very firm hand. Gist, the commander of this Maryland brigade, was all right too, said Neddy, but Smallwood, now, who had the First Brigade—well, *he* thought he knew more than the baron, which didn't on the face of it make sense, the baron having fought the Seven Years' War and all.

The following day, what wagons they had were loaded with tents and a meager supply of foodstuffs and the army began to move southward toward Hillsborough in Carolina, carrying its own baggage. The first few days weren't bad, and, except for shoulders aching from the unaccustomed weight of his musket and pack, and an uncommon amount of thirst, Julian stood it well. He wore his own boots and tan breeches, with a battered brown regimental coat and a military cap, inherited like his musket from some Marylander who no longer needed them.

THEY passed through sandy level country southwest from Petersburg. Then, as they approached the Nottoway the roads turned to red clay which rain made paste into which a man sank to his ankles and a horse to its knees. Wagons stuck in it up to the hubs, traces broke, wheels came off, axles gave way. Equipment began to be abandoned, food began to run short, thunderstorms of incredible violence alternated with intolerable heat.

By the time they reached Hillsborough, where they hoped for a junction with some militia from Virginia and North Carolina, Julian was walking in a daze of sore fatigue, lightheaded with hunger.

"... and pass the ammunition!"

They waited for the militia. When it came, when it came, was scanty and ill equipped and as hungry as anybody. There seemed to be no orders for them at Hillsborough, and very little news. Clinton was said to have left Cornwallis to finish the job in the South, and returned to New York. Nobody knew just where Cornwallis was now, but Rawdon was at Camden, and there was a makeshift design to harry his outposts and foraging parties in that vicinity till more ambitious plans could be laid.

During the halt at Hillsborough, while Julian was doing a job of sentry-go, he saw an odd little company ride into camp. There were about twenty of them, of all ages, well mounted and armed but ragged and variously clad. Among them were several big Negroes. They all wore small black leather caps with a silver badge, and they were led by a thin, frail-looking man with a closed uncommunicative face, who dismounted and walked with a noticeable limp into headquarters.

Neddy was not on sentry duty that day, and Neddy always circulated and got the news. He relayed it at the evening meal.

"Yep," said Neddy, with his mouth full, "that there was Francis Marion, as ever is." He affected a mild indulgent surprise at the lack of intelligent comment from his hearers. "Ain't you heard," he inquired of them maddeningly—"ain't *none* of you dolts heard before now of this Francis Marion?" Nobody had. "He's an Indian fighter from down Charleston way, he is. He was with Moultrie in '76 when they beat off the redcoats, and he was with Lincoln too last spring, only he broke his ankle and had to be invalided out. That saved him from bein' in Charleston when Lincoln surrendered, and he wasn't captured along with the rest.

"WHERE did he get his army?" asked a voice.

"They're all friends of his—and neighbors. People who could arm themselves and live on next to nothin'. Yes, and masterless slaves, too. He don't keer what color you are, so long as you've got a horse and can shoot straight."

"And what did he want with the baron?"

"Didn't want nothin'. Come in to offer his services."

"Rode out again, didn't he?"

"All but one man," said Julian.

"He left a man here—name of Horry. Captain Horry."

"Left him here what fer?"

"To be guide and aide to the baron," said Neddy. "The baron's smart. He'd ruther have those men out in the swamps loose on the British than

those fellers. Once they git to earth, nobody can find 'em till they're ready—nobody but another one of the same kind. That's why we've got Horry—couldn't get word to Marion without him."

Early in July the exhausted army under de Kalb reached the Deep River, and paused again for recuperation and provisions. In the middle of July news came that General Gates had been appointed by Congress to lead the army of the South against Cornwallis and was now on his way to take command.

To Julian the appointment of the showy victor of Saratoga was a dismaying prospect. He remembered St. John's rude laughter—"a summer soldier, hanging round Congress—Schuyler had done all the work," and now de Kalb had borne the brunt of the Southern march. How had Gates got in again?

GATES arrived full of assurances, exuding self-importance, and creating enormous bustle. The camp was somewhat hypnotized by this impression of big things just ahead. But their brief enlivenment vanished in blank astonishment when his first orders on the twenty-sixth contained the announcement that they must expect to march direct for Camden at a moment's notice. March on what?

The noonday halt on the twenty-seventh consumed the scraps which remained in the soldiers' knapsacks. For two more days they marched southward past empty houses and deserted fields, through choking sand and slimy swampland and devastating heat and blinding thunderstorms. No supplies arrived from the rear. The men, already weak, were staggering in their tracks.

From the Carolina militia, who knew the countryside, a widening ripple of apprehension and dissatisfaction spread. The Carolinians said they were on the wrong road. True, it was the most direct route to Camden, but it led through the pine barrens, tracts of sandy waste alternating with swampy areas, already stripped of sustenance, so that the inhabitants had starved out and fled. Somebody ought to tell Gates, they said, that there was another route to Camden, longer but much preferable, via Salisbury and Charlotte, which lay in fertile country.

There was no one to inform them that somebody had told Gates and that the recommendations carefully drawn up and signed by the chief officers of his command had been ignored by him.

Caswell's militia arrived, scared in by a skirmish with a British outpost, and Stevens with a brigade of Virginia militia caught up when Gates was within a day's march of Camden. With Stevens was a road-stained courier from Washington's headquarters in Jersey, carrying private letters from the commander in chief for Gates and de Kalb. It was no secret now that Congress had appointed Gates, its favorite, without consulting Washington, who had intended Greene for the Southern command. So that when Major St. John Sprague rode into the Continental camp at Clermont with Washington's dispatches, he was not altogether surprised, though nonetheless horrified, at what he found there.

IT was a heartrending hour he spent with his friend de Kalb that evening, bent over a map on the rough camp table in the big German's tent, tracing by the light of a single candle stuck in the neck of a bottle the route they might have taken from Hillsborough to prevent Rawdon's comfortable withdrawal from Cheraw to Camden and to take his supplies. But it was too late now. Even while they discussed the unsatisfactory situation, the summons came to a council of war.

The plan of march and battle at Camden was all Gates' own, and was laid as an established fact before his officers that evening. Among them, only de Kalb had the tenacity to raise his voice in objection. But Gates had no use for objections.

The meeting adjourned, and, with de Kalb's heavy hand on his arm, and the young French aide du Buysson walking on the baron's other side, St. John accompanied the old general back to the tent, and the three of them looked at one another a long moment, beyond speech. At last de Kalb, seated creakingly on his narrow camp bed, motioned his juniors to stools beside the table.

"If we live to tell it," said de Kalb impressively, "no one will ever believe us. He plans an elaborate night surprise, to be executed by raw, exhausted troops like these. And then, to take a British stronghold like Camden unawares, he puts at the head of his column a mounted legion under our friend Armand. Cavalry—to lead a surprise attack." He tried to smile. "It is genius," he admitted generously. "He has a genius for doing the wrong thing!"

"Thank the Lord I came in when I did," said St. John. "I've seen enough to clear *you*, sir—no matter what happens!"

"I too am glad you are here, Major Sprague. You have arrived in time to act with du Buysson as my aide in this—emergency," said the baron.

"I should be honored, sir," St. John replied, and they drew together over the map to discuss alleviating strategies.

The Sixth Maryland was in the Second Brigade, which was posted to follow the First, which came immediately behind Armand's legion in line of march, with Porterfield and the light infantry flanking him in Indian file. Behind them were the Carolina and Virginia militia and more artillery.

Julian stumbled through darkness as sultry as day, deep sand dragging at his feet, and a dull nauseating pain in his middle. Neddy Price slogged at his side. Talk had been forbidden, even sneezing and coughing. But still there were sounds under the high bright Southern stars—the sound of a retching man unable to suppress a groan and a curse; the sound of a man who tripped over a root and fell and could not rise again and did not care; the rumble of artillery wheels across a clearing; and always the *sluff, sluff* of weary marching feet which Julian felt would follow him beyond the grave.

AFTER about four hours of this a burst of firing up in front rent the night.

"What's that?" said Julian, jerked from a walking stupor, and felt his queasy stomach turn within him.

"Scouting party, mebbe," said Neddy, sounding very calm. "Or mebbe mounted pickets."

A sharp order to halt ran back along the line. They waited, leaning against each other, listening to what seemed to be an impromptu battle raging just ahead. Gun flashes lit the darkness; there was a confusion of drums and shouted commands.

"They've got Armand treed, all right," said Neddy. "Yep—here it comes! It sounds as though we'd flushed the whole British army!"

To his increasingly blasphemous surprise, Neddy proved to have guessed right. By a monumental coincidence, the British army had been set in motion from Camden at the same hour of the same night, with the same objective—surprise attack. It met the Continental force head on about 2 A. M.

Some of Armand's troopers, wounded or shattered by surprise, fled helter-skelter to the rear, panicking the First Maryland Brigade. The men on the flanks stood firm, and the British, no less astonished, fell back. As though by mutual consent, the shooting ceased and the armies paused blindly in the dark.

From prisoners taken in the skirmish Gates learned, to his undisguised amazement, that Cornwallis had arrived from Charleston and was leading the British in person.

expletives, Gates called a hasty council. Of the weary, disillusioned men who gathered round him, only de Kalb stood out stoutly for retreat. Stevens blurted that it was too late now to do anything but fight, and Gates preferred to agree with him. The order to posts was given, and the battle lines were drawn before dawn.

Julian sat on the damp ground beside Neddy, his musket across his drawn-up knees. His hands were cold and unsteady and his heart hammered in his ears. He tried to tell himself that it was partly physical weakness from the bad food and the endless dysentery, but he knew it was mostly fear.

He was afraid to fight, and he despised his own soul accordingly. Then he felt Neddy's arm laid hard across his shoulders.

"Bear up, lad," said Neddy in his ear. "They make a lot of noise comin' in, and they look something fierce; but they can bleed under those red coats, same as the rest of us."

De Kalb rode down through the first purple haze, and took up his position, running a raking blue glance along the lines, so that each man straightened himself instinctively to meet it. The Sixth Maryland was ready—they knew what was coming. Julian's smarting, sleepless eyes slid without recognition over the officer who rode beside du Buysson and fastened themselves on the calm, massive figure of the baron astride the big horse, and he felt his lurching heart steady.

The Sixth Maryland was in the right wing, which Gist and de Kalb commanded. Caswell's militia had the center and Stevens' Virginia brigade was on the left. Smallwood's First Brigade of Marylanders was held in reserve.

LONG before the sun was visible the British drums began on the left, and du Buysson reported that the enemy was deploying by the right against Stevens, who would attack at once. Before he had finished speaking, the first British volley crashed in. The battle had begun.

It was a lively corner of hell the Sixth Maryland occupied that day. Du Buysson was soon back, on a different horse, to say that Stevens' men were crumbling under the first British charge and that Caswell's would not stand long. Gates was behind the reserves, giving no orders at all, and General Gist desired to know the Baron's wishes.

With his own brigade like a rock at his back, de Kalb ordered up Smallwood to hold back the British right, and then actually began to step, in lively hand-to-hand fighting, his orders still coming with rhythmic precision, though he was now bleeding from two wounds.

"By heaven, we ain't gettin' on so bad!" crowed Neddy, the joy of battle on him. "The Carolina militia always runs, but if those varmints from Virginia will only stand up to it—*wheee*, you would, would you, bloody-back, and be damned to you! Come on, lad, the baron's down! Come on, you clubfooted sons o' sin, the baron's lost his horse!"

By the time they reached him, the baron was on his feet again. He had received a sword cut on the head, and du Buysson was binding his own sash around the wound and imploring him to retire from the field. De Kalb brushed him aside and ordered a bayonet charge.

Julian was among the men in a cordon round his commander. Blood was running down Julian's arm in a sticky stream, and Neddy made him take off his coat and applied a rough tourniquet made from his torn-off sleeve. Julian felt no pain now, and no more fear. It was necessary to keep his mind on the battle, and you could hardly see beyond the length of your own musket in the powder smoke and haze, nor tell friend from foe until it was almost too late.

Just as the British seemed to waver and the tide of battle hung, an aide on horseback catapulted in among them, calling on de Kalb.

"Smallwood cannot hold, sir—for heaven's sake fall back—"

"Tell Smallwood he *must* hold, and we shall have them! Tell him it will be only minutes now—"

The aide was staring past de Kalb at a bloodstained, disheveled figure with the infantryman's black powder smear across his mouth.

"*Julian!*" cried St. John incredulously. "*Julian, for the love of heaven—!*"

Julian looked up quickly—and saw a British bayonet launched full tilt out of the mist at St. John's back.

Can Julian save St. John? With the battle going against them, can de Kalb's men escape the British? Surprises and excitement crowd next week's chapter.

GUESS WHO SAID IT!

Conducted by ERIC DEVINE

THIS is a new kind of quiz game. Several well known people have said the things recorded below. You simply follow the clues and guess who's talking. If you guess them all, the game's too easy; if you guess none, it's too hard. But try anyway, and don't worry about what is said, for the sport is to find out *who* said it.

1. "The silliest woman can manage a clever man; but it needs a very clever woman to manage a fool." This speaker had very bad eyes but saw through a lot of things anyway. He wrote poems and yarns about India.

2. This man is Germany's loss and our gain. Distinguished novelist, a refugee now living here. His first name suggests doubt. "Opinions cannot survive if one has no chance to fight for them."

3. "The promised land always lies on the other side of a wilderness," was spoken by a handsome bearded man, an expert on love whose own love life was not successful.

4. Our most distinguished criminal lawyer, Labor's best friend, died several years ago in the Midwest. He once consoled the kids with this: "I'm glad I don't like spinach; for if I liked it, I'd have to eat it, and if I ate it, I know I'd hate it."

5. This little bachelor is one of your worst enemies, with a very unpleasant voice. Add your own adjectives: "It must be a greater honor to be a citizen of —— as a street cleaner than to be a king in a foreign state."

6. "The great advantage of a hotel is that it's a refuge from home life." Neatly put by a British dramatist (beard) who produces many good ideas and does it on a vegetable diet.

7. A star on Information Please, Latin scholar, made a statement ten years ago that's very timely today: "What this country needs is a good five-cent nickel."

8. This naval officer distinguished himself the last time American troops fought in North Africa, where they subdued some pirates. His last name is the same as several Southern towns, and is also a crapshooting term. "Would that I had died in defense of my country," he had said, but the poor fellow was killed in a duel.

9. Think of a living American woman, well known for her wit. A good friend of 7, above. But you can guess from this verse: "Three be the things I shall love till I die: Laughter and hope and a sock in the eye."

10. This man was a diplomat during our Civil War, comes from a famous American family, wrote a well known book on his own education: "No one means all he says, and yet very few say all they mean." This is comforting in a game like this.

(*The answers are on page 63*)

DIRECT HITS

BY ROBERT ORMOND CASE

The sloth has the same weight and as powerful claws as the wildcat. Main difference is in the viewpoint.

A famous Hollywood director, noted for his "temperament," was shooting an outdoor scene recently. It was a day of brilliant sunshine and the script called for a gloomy atmosphere. To accomplish this, overhead screening had been set up, with Klieg lights placed at strategic points under this canopy.

The lighting effect failed to suit the great man. He shouted at electricians: "Change this light! Dim that one!" He still wasn't satisfied. One persistent light reduced him to frenzy. "Turn it out!" he bawled, pointing in a Napoleonic gesture. "Who's on that light? Turn it out!"

"Sorry," said the head electrician, squinting up at the point indicated. "That's the sun."

A big sheep can support a lot of ticks. Today, with almost everything edible being rationed, one federal bureau is still buying up "surplus" commodities. Another, started in the depression, is still engaged in moving farmers off marginal lands. A large staff is winding up the affairs of a bureau announced as "defunct" nine years ago. Out in the Northwest an army of field workers is busily engaged, between dimouts and blackouts, in selling farmers and rural communities on the benefits of public *versus* private power.

Typewriter strategists of the "we're invincible" school have helped keep too many of us in a dream world that disregards what has been lost to date and views each current front, though a thousand miles of retreat may lie behind it, as the opening phase of the final conflict.

These are today's facts: Except for a durable little island called Britain, tough but helplessly encircled neutrals like Sweden and Switzerland, and isolated rocks called Gibraltar and Malta, the whole of Europe is in enemy hands.

The Atlantic is the graveyard of more tonnage than the combined shipyards of America and England have been able, to date, to replace.

Our sole gain in the Pacific thus far is the negative one of defending Australia's thin life line.

Time is our enemy now. Time will transform the shattered Ukraine into an inexhaustible granary for the Germans. Time—and not long—is *all* that Nippon needs to translate the rubber, tin, and oil reservoirs of the Dutch East Indies into weapons of war.

Our knowledge of these facts must be translated into sacrifice and action. Only then will we turn from wishful thinking and get down to the real, tough, and ugly business before us.

That business is to fight a war not of headlines but of survival. It has entered its fourth year in Europe; is entering its second on the Pacific. Still remote across seas submarined and speckled and umbrellaed with hostile craft, beyond hostile shore batteries and island bases awaits the *first skirmish* of the last battle.

Notes on Grand Coulee Dam: This greatest man-made structure of all time is more than 4,000 feet long, 553 feet high, over 200 feet thick at the base. Its spillway forms a cataract more than twice as high as Niagara, more than four times its volume.

The mass of solid concrete is almost double that of the Great Pyramid—man's previous record breaker. The concrete in it would pave a standard width highway from Portland, Oregon, to Portland, Maine, and back again into eastern Illinois. Behind it is the world's largest artificial lake. Grand Coulee alone can generate enough electricity to supply half a dozen Midwest states.

And yet, during its construction and now, the river continues to roll on.

There's food for thought in that fact. Humanity—civilization—is like water eternally seeking its sea. Nothing can stop the unresting flow. Even global wars are mere incidents in the long sweep of the centuries.

This is not the first global war in the sense that all so-called "enlightened" nations became involved. Alexander the Great, in one of the corniest ham-actor gestures on record, wept for more worlds to conquer. A generation later his "invincibles" were battling to defend the strip of mountainous home ground called Macedonia.

The Caesars conquered Europe and called Rome the Eternal City. Today a senile roué named Mussolini prattles of an "empire" that ceased to exist fourteen centuries ago.

Genghis Khan enslaved more of the world than is now dominated by the Axis, and archaeologists search desert sands in vain for a single trace of the "great city" he built to symbolize his glory.

No, civilization is not at stake in the present global war; only the necks of self-styled "conquerors." Empires founded on force come and go. They are mere temporary barriers to an irresistible tide.

At last Hitler dangles a real plum before his followers: he'll stay and face the music with them.

"This isn't the way my mess sergeant serves it."

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

LAPPETITE: A desire to have your secretary on your knee.

LAUGHADAVIT: A sworn statement made by a comedian.

SNACKROBAT: A guest who leaps over the bar to get at the hors d'oeuvres.

OURTHRITIS: Me and you: we got gout.

WAXIDENT: A broken record.

MINNIE-ATURE: What Mickey Mouse carries in the back of his watch.

SUPPLEMEN: The stag line

PRAYDIO: What we listen to on Sunday morning.

FLATLAS: A map of the world before Columbus.

CORPS-NET: The bugle that wakes the marines.

THE PIRATES OF MASCARENHAS

Continued from page 19

The first mate stood swaying in the sun, trying to keep his head clear. He did not want to reveal any military secrets as the port authorities questioned him. He gave the name of his ship but not her destination nor her position at the time she was torpedoed. He reserved that information for the British consul after the port authorities had helped away the sailors and carried off the dead man for burial. Then he asked eagerly if any news had been received about the other two boats, but the consul shook his head.

The first mate remembered the sudden storm which had swept down on them the second night—the desperate bailing, the long hours spent tossing insanely and jerking madly to the pull of a sea anchor. Not many boats would live through that—he did not know how his own had managed it. After that, his duty done, he fainted dead away.

Two days later he and his men were walking through the odorous lanes of the town, recovered, dressed in clothes procured for them by the consul, and awaiting the chance of a passage back to a British port. They had shaved off the beards acquired during the voyage—all of them except one or two who had come to like the effect—and they prowled restlessly in the tropical heat and the drenching rain. The colored police eyed them askance, for officers and men from the Regina di Sicilia were in the habit of coming ashore as well, and every one in Mascarenhas feared lest the whole town should be torn apart in a battle between the two nationalities.

The first mate and the consul were standing by the pier gazing out at the Italian ship.

"We've only got one gun between us," said the first mate pensively. The revolver which he had brought with him from his sunken ship pulled his coat out of shape on one side. "Can you tell me where I can get some more? Half a dozen or so?"

Answers to Guess Who Said It! on page 61

1. Rudyard Kipling.
2. Thomas Mann.
3. Havelock Ellis.
4. Clarence Darrow.
5. Adolf Hitler.
6. George Bernard Shaw.
7. Franklin P. Adams.
8. Stephen Decatur.
9. Dorothy Parker.
10. Henry Adams.

eye.

"Is it piracy that you have in mind?" he asked, and the first mate nodded.

"I suppose you could call it that," he admitted.

"Every one would call it that," said the consul. "They'd hang you for it—the Portuguese authorities here, I mean—as sure as a gun if they caught you at it. And I don't mean maybe, either. They'd be hopping mad with you. They've got their neutrality to think about. Suggest anything like this to them, and they'll be seeing pictures of Lisbon bombed by the Luftwaffe tomorrow."

The first mate's expression did not change.

"But if they didn't catch us?"

The consul spread his hands.

"There'd be the devil of a row," he said. "Notes, protests, diplomatic representations — everything all the way up the scale."

"Everything except action," the first mate grinned.

"Yes," reluctantly from the consul. "But that's not what I'm worrying about. It's you. I tell you, man, they'd hang you for piracy. I don't think they would hang all of you, but they'd put all the rest in jail for ten years. And if you had seen the jail they have here in Mascarenhas you'd know that you were the lucky one."

"Yes," said the first mate. "And now tell me where I can get hold of some guns."

The consul sighed.

What passed further between those two after the consul sighed is not publicly known at all. But in the forecastles of a dozen ships at sea today, where the scattered crew still do their dangerous duty, the story is told of how the first mate assembled his men that day at Mascarenhas and made them a speech.

"I WANT some of you," he said, "to take a chance of being hanged. There's quite a chance of it, and if you're not hanged there's still the chance of rotting in jail. Who'll take the chance with me?"

The seamen did not take their eyes from his face—they did not even glance at each other to estimate the opinion of the meeting. They had all known the first mate for a long time and they trusted his judgment.

"Nobody wants to drop out?" said the first mate. "I'm warning you men that what I have in mind is piracy. No other word for it—just piracy. And if we are caught we're hanged. You're still all agreeable? Right! As a matter of fact, I didn't

of you can handle a revolver?"

It was while the first mate was making his plans and giving his orders to his crew that Senhor Joao de Sousa came into the story. It might have been pure coincidence, but if it was, it was a peculiarly fortunate coincidence. It is beside the point to argue that Senhor de Sousa was notoriously pro-Axis in his sentiments. When sentiments cost nothing they can very easily be assumed.

Whichever way it was, Senhor de Sousa remembered that tomorrow was the anniversary of the March on Rome. It was an occasion that called for a celebration on a grand scale, and Senhor de Sousa sent a most cordial invitation to the officers of the Regina di Sicilia to dine with him in honor of the day. The first mate, lounging by the pier in the fast gathering evening, saw the Regina di Sicilia's boat land a mass of officers in tropical white. They walked up to Senhor de Sousa's house, and their host came effusively out to meet them, his portly form more portly than ever in white and his hospitable good will demonstrated by the amplitude of his gestures. There was not much colored blood in Senhor de Sousa's veins. His swarthy pendulous cheeks fairly bulged as he smiled, and he led the way indoors, exuding hospitality and perspiration.

The first mate pitched the end of his cigar into the water and walked back to find his crew. It was quite dark when they filed down to the pier and scrambled into the lifeboat. They untied without a sound and silently lifted out the oars. For a few moments they drifted while they bound the oars with rags, and then they crept out quietly toward the Regina di Sicilia's riding light.

THE first mate had an orderly and tidy mind. Every man knew what he had to do, from the initial muffling of the oars onward. The lifeboat reached the accommodation ladder unobserved, and the first mate was the first man up it, his pistol in his hand. He wanted no shooting unless it were absolutely necessary. The pistol was useful, for one glimpse of it was enough to terrify into silence the two men who composed the anchor watch.

The first mate kept them quiet while the men who followed him bound them and gagged them and laid them helpless on the deck, and then the first mate ran up to the bridge, while the second engineer took a party forward to secure the crew and another party hurried aft to make sure of the stewards.

went wrong, for the first mate came unexpectedly upon the Italian wireless operator, who, by the decision of his captain, had been adjudged not to be an officer within the meaning of Senhor de Sousa's invitation. His captain's decision was a disastrous one for the young man in question. There was a moment of surprised recognition as the two bumped into each other, and then the first mate put into a single punch all the exasperated hatred he felt toward the nation that had stabbed his country in the back. Training in a hard school had taught the first mate to hit as hard with his left hand as with his right, and that single punch, brought up from his hip with his body weight behind it, was enough to silence the wireless operator instantly.

The first mate made sure that the prostrate figure was harmless, and then looked forward. A score of the ship's crew had been caught lounging on a hatch cover. They were already lined up against the rail with their hands over their heads. The first mate was glad to see that young Jones had the sense to sit back on the hatch cover, with his revolver supported by his knee, for that was the best way to keep a long line of men covered.

Mysterious little noises were coming from forward, and now there appeared a fresh long line of men, walking in procession with their hands on the tops of their heads. The first mate had thought a good deal about how to keep a large number of men prisoners and harmless, and he had decided that, despite the apparent advantage of locking them up, it would be safer still to keep them where they would be under observation. From aft came another little procession, of stewards and petty officers, all with their hands on the tops of their heads, so that the whole crew was now herded together. Four revolvers menaced them from different points. Young Jones stood up on the hatch cover and addressed them like the superintendent at a Sunday-school treat.

"*Squattez-vous,*" he said, and then, as they did not understand, he explained what he wanted in vivid pantomime. The Italians lowered themselves on the deck, their hands still high. The first mate was reminded of a gymnastic class. Jones had a lot of sense. If the Italians wanted to make a rush, they would waste time by having to get to their feet first.

THE second engineer showed up on the deck, pistol in hand.

"There's another one up here, mister," called the first mate softly. "Send up and get him."

The first mate was now the captain of a ship and the second engineer was now one of his officers, hence the use of the honorific "mister." Not that the first mate nor the second engineer thought it out that way—it was purely spontaneous.

"I think that's the lot, sir," said the second engineer.

"Very good, mister. Take your party below and get steam up."

The first mate had time to brood now as he leaned his elbows on the rail. Below him the deck was thronged with a mass of sullen humanity, seated, their hands on their heads, menaced by the revolvers of Jones' party. Overhead the stars hung low. To his left the lights of Mascarenhas gleamed across the water. The first mate wondered how long they would be left undisturbed like this. He wondered how long it would take the second engineer, finding his way round a strange engine room, to get up steam—damned good job that the ship was oil-fired. Somewhere up among those lights were a couple of ramshackle eighteen-pounders intended to protect Mascarenhas from stray aggressors. The first mate wondered what sort of practice they would make at night if the alarm were given. From that it was a natural transition to wondering what it would be like to be hanged. The first mate contemplated all sorts of unpleasant ends.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

I promise that
In '43
No man will make
A fool of me.
No guy will give me
Sleepless nights.
There'll be no jealousy,
No fights.
I promise solemnly—
And yet
There's something that
I can't forget.
A thing that fills
My heart with fear—
I vow the same thing
Every year.

—EVELYNE LOVE COOPER.

but this was the first time he had ever thought about hanging.

The whistle of the voice tube went off at that moment, taking the first mate by surprise to such an extent that he almost jumped from the deck. He had not realized until then how keyed up he was to face any unexpected emergency. He took out the stopper and listened.

"Pressure's rising, sir," came the voice of the second engineer.

"Good," said the first mate.

"Five minutes more and there'll be enough for the winches."

"Thank you, mister," said the first mate.

OVER the silent water from the lighted town came the sudden sound of a boat motor, and directly afterward the first mate could see the faint white of a boat's bow wave against the black water.

"Stand by there forward to up-anchor," called the first mate.

The boat was undoubtedly headed toward the ship.

"Cast off the boat and get that accommodation ladder up," ordered the first mate. As long as the ladder was down it gave no clue to the fact that the ship had been seized, but on the other hand it would provide easy entry for the Italian officers or the Portuguese police—it was not an easy decision to make. But he wanted no shooting. He did not want to add murder to piracy—unless, of course, it was utterly necessary.

The ladder rose out of reach just as the boat was approaching, and the latter swerved away. Somebody hailed the ship unintelligibly. For that matter, the first mate did not know whether the language used was Italian or Portuguese.

"No comprehend," he hailed back.

Another voice hailed from the boat, and there was a sudden flutter among the prisoners below.

"Shoot any man who moves or speaks, Jones," said the first mate, and then to the boat, "Try again-o."

The voice-tube whistle made him jump again, and he hurried to answer it.

"There's enough steam for the winches, sir," said the second engineer. "Enough for slow ahead."

"Thank you, mister."

The boat turned again and was heading back to the ship's side.

"Hoist away there forrard," said the first mate.

The towering steel side of the Regina di Sicilia offered only the coldest welcome to a small boat. But the noise of the capstan at work had the effect of driving the occupants of the boat frantic. The bellowings that came up from it were, even to the first mate's ear, in two languages, and the first mate could even distinguish individual words which were of the type that every seaman recognizes. The first mate went to the rail and replied in kind. Thanks to the ubiquity of the British Mercantile Marine, the words he used were understood by the occupants of the boat. The darkness was punctured by the flashes of a pistol, and the stanchion close beside the first mate rang as a bullet hit it. The first mate withdrew from the side. If anything happened to him, the enterprise might still miscarry.

"Last shackle coming in, sir," hailed a voice from forward.

The first mate rang down for full speed and went to the wheel. The propellers churned the water mightily, and as the first mate spun the spokes he felt the rudder bite as it took hold. The ship was gathering way and the first mate headed her out to sea. Another futile volley of revolver shots followed her, and from the battery above the town came an echoing crash and a long orange flame as they fired one of the eighteen-pounders. The first mate never knew where the shell went.

THE beat of the engines slowly quickened, and as the Regina di Sicilia gathered speed the motorboat dropped more and more astern and finally gave up the chase. A quartermaster came forward and relieved the first mate at the wheel, so that he could pace the bridge and give his thoughts free play again. There was a three-mile limit to equatorial waters, but he had no idea whether pirates were safe outside that limit. Probably not. Probably the Portuguese would hang him if ever they laid hands on him. But it did not matter. He had added a nearly new 20,000-ton ship to the available tonnage. It was only then that another thought occurred to him. Prize money! By golly, there ought to be prize money in this. The Admiralty or Lloyds or some one would fork out handsomely. He was probably going to be a rich man.

"Bring those men aft, Jones," he ordered. "We'll give them a bit of lifeboat practice."

The first mate rang down to stop the engines, and as the ship lost way the covers of the boats were cut free and the boats swung out.

The first mate was reminded of a scene in Mutiny on the Bounty as he leaned against the rail and watched the Italians getting out their oars for a long pull back to Mascarenhas. One of the British seamen shouted jeeringly at the castaways.

"Stop that!" said the first mate.

THE END

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

YOU DO NOT HAVE
to be told that Paul Gallico, who looks pretty serious in this picture, is one of America's favorite sports writers, and his article in this issue will help start off the New Year with a bang. Hobbies oft proclaim the man, and Gallico's are varied enough—fencing, flying, deep-sea fishing, and collecting symphonic music records. He loves to cook spaghetti and travel on boats, too.

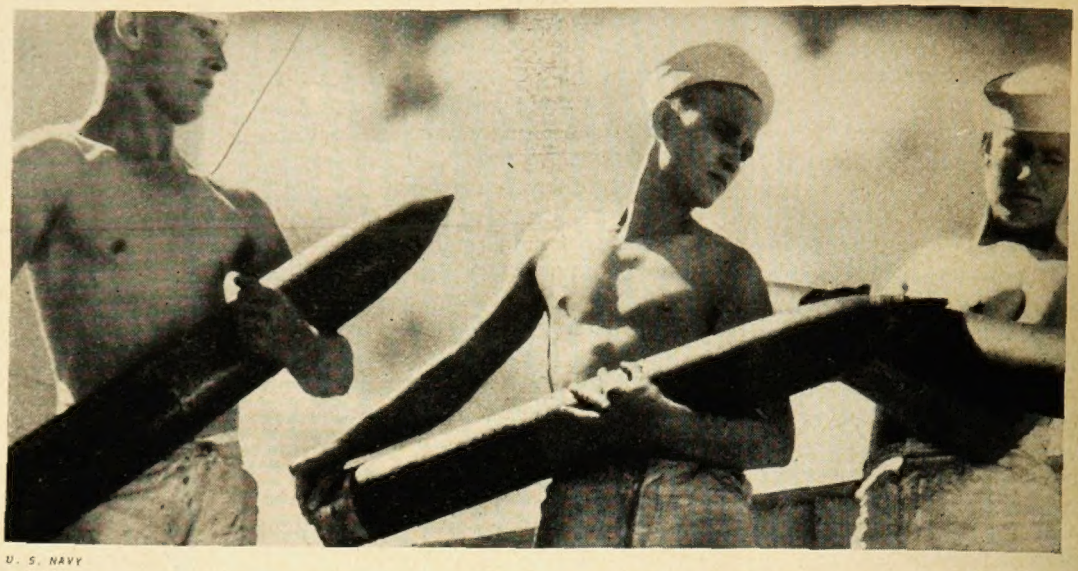
ANOTHER MAN
who likes boats and the sea is C. S. Forester, whose story, The Pirates of Mascarenhas, is on page 18. No further recommendation to read it is necessary than to say he wrote Payment Deferred, in which Charles Laughton starred, and The Captain from Connecticut, the stirring novel of the War of 1812. Forester was born in Cairo, Egypt, the son of a British official.

OF COURSE NO ONE
will want to miss Kick That Bloc! by Raymond Clapper, also in this issue. Having spent more than a quarter of a century covering politics, he's a past master of observation and analysis in that thorny forest. In speech, clothes, manner of life and viewpoint, Clapper is just plain American, and writes for the everyday man most effectively.

OVERHEARD THIS WEEK:
"My mummy doesn't like to get up in the morning when it's night," said a little girl of six. Who does?

THE EDITORS.

THE YEAR AHEAD



U. S. NAVY PHOTO

AS 1943 opens, American soldiers stand under arms in every quarter of the earth. American sailors ply its seven seas. American airmen streak through its every sky and American merchant seamen faithfully plod the lines of supply which keep this globe-encircling military structure in operation.

These men are the same boys we had with us a short time ago—a son, a brother, a daughter's boy friend—or perhaps the soda jerk from the corner drugstore, the lad who sold us gas in those bygone days when we could drive in and say "Fill 'er up," the kid who delivered the groceries, the Jones boy down the street, or young Smith from the office.

We love these boys. We have boundless faith in them and their high purpose. We rejoice that they are clean and hard, well trained and superbly equipped. We glory in their blithe courage, their unshakable morale, and their supreme confidence.

As the curtain rises on the drama of 1943, they stand at the crossroads of history, ready to undergo an ordeal by fire for their democratic faith and ideals. Where will they stand a year from now, as next New Year's Day rolls around?

As 1943 opens, the Nazi draws his shell around him, fearing the onslaught he knows is coming. We venture to predict that before the year is out this shell will be cracked and smashed open.

As 1943 opens, the Japanese octopus strives to retain within his grasp the peoples and territories his tentacles have slithered around. We have made a small beginning at lopping off these arms. The coming year will see many more destroyed until, finally, we reach and stab the heart of the beast itself.

At home, as this momentous year begins, we are only just beginning to feel the impact of the war. We shiver, but only mildly. We walk, but only a little. We pay taxes, but only moderately. We do without a little meat here, a little butter there, a little coffee, a little sugar.

We will sacrifice more and do more cheerfully and without complaint. We will prove worthy of the faith, courage, and patriotic devotion of our sons and brothers who strain to meet the foe breast to breast.

We dedicate ourselves afresh to our democratic cause, resolved to pay whatever price is necessary to make our victory clean, certain, and swift. We resolve again to build a new world, clean, decent, and brotherly, in which every man can hold up his head and say, "I am no one's slave."

The year 1943 is a year of great promise for America and for the human race. It will be a year of fire and steel, of mighty clashes on land, sea, and in the air, a year of courage, sacrifice, blood, and death.

But in the flame and heat of 1943 may well be forged the future brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God.

Paul Hunter

Suppose this was your house, your pooch, your Baby!

What's to prevent that dreadfulness from happening here?

Men can't prevent it, unless those men have ships and guns and planes and shoes and chow. All these supplies and machinery of war cost *money*. Because in this country, there aren't any labor slaves; everybody gets *paid* in defense factories here.

So it takes money to fight a war. To keep ships going, and guns shooting, and soldiers eating. So that *they can* keep little houses standing, pups playing, kids like yours SAFE.

How to buy a share in Victory

Where's the money coming from?

YOU'RE going to chip it in, out of the money you are getting TODAY. Instead of spending it all, why not lend at least 10% to Uncle Sam? He'll put it to work for America. He will give you a written promise to pay it back in 10 years, with interest (2.9% a year). If that promise isn't good, *nothing's* good. But because this is America, it IS good.

How can you chip in?

By buying War Savings Bonds. You can buy one today for $18.75. It is worth $25.00 when Uncle Sam pays you back in 10 years.

INSTALLMENT payments?

Yes! If you can't spare $18.75 today, buy War Savings Stamps for 10¢ or 25¢ or 50¢. Ask for a Stamp book, save a bookful of Stamps, then exchange them for a War Savings Bond.

What IS a BOND?

A piece of legal paper, official promise from Uncle Sam that he'll pay you back your money plus interest. The Bond will be registered in your name. Keep it safely put away.

Can you CASH a Bond?

Yes, any time 60 days after you buy it, if you get in a jam and need money, you can cash a Bond (at Post Office or bank).

WHERE can you buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps?

At your nearest Post Office. At a bank. At many stores all over the country.

WHEN?

Our enemies have been getting ready for the past 7 or 8 years. Are you going to wait till they get *nearer* our kids?

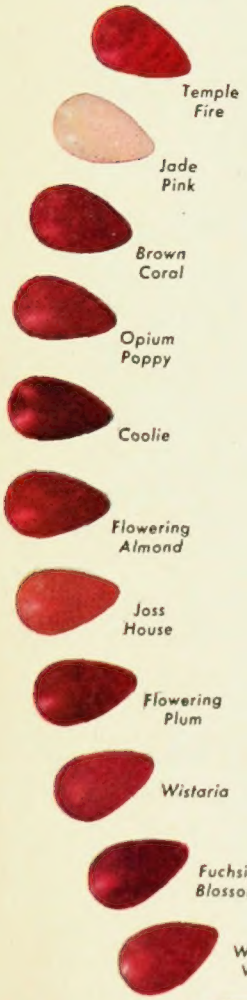
★ *Buy War Savings Stamps and Bonds* NOW!

This advertisement has been prepared entirely as a patriotic gift to the Government. The art work, copy, composition and plating, as well as the space in this magazine, have been donated by all concerned as part of their effort toward helping win the War.

Enduring Lacquer

FOR YOUR NAILS

The make-up that stays on



It's worth everything—just *everything* to know that once your nails are made up to perfection, they'll STAY that way for a very long time—without chipping. CHEN YU . . . real, durable lacquer gives you this special advantage in wear—*in grooming*—*in charm* . . . it's a true lacquer that brings to lovely hands an exquisiteness both new and lasting. Send now for two shades—*any* two . . . the coupon will bring them . . . then you'll want to get the regular sizes of CHEN YU Long-Lasting Lacquer at your favorite cosmetic counter—or perhaps a CHEN YU manicure at your favorite salon.

Associated Distributors, Sole U. S. Distributors, Chicago.

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SEND FOR 2 BOTTLES

ASSOCIATED DISTRIBUTORS, 30 W. Hubbard St., Dept. LM, Chicago, Ill.
Send me two sample size flacons of CHEN YU Nail Lacquer, shades checked below. I enclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of packing, mailing and Government Tax.

☐ JADE PINK	☐ GREEN DRAGON	☐ OPIUM POPPY
☐ CHINA DOLL	☐ MING YELLOW	☐ BLACK LUSTER
☐ BLUE MOSS	☐ FUCHSIA BLOSSOM	☐ BLUE DRAGON
☐ TEMPLE FIRE	☐ FLOWERING ALMOND	☐ BROWN CORAL
☐ COOLIE	☐ LOTUS BLOSSOM	☐ CANTON RED
☐ *JOSS HOUSE*	☐ *WEEPING WILLOW*	☐ *MANDARIN RED*
☐ WISTARIA	☐ FLOWERING PLUM	☐ ROYAL PLUM
☐ BURMA RED	☐ DRAGON'S BLOOD	☐ HEAVENLY MAUVE

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

CHEN YU

Long-lasting Nail Lacquer
An American Product
Made in U.S.A.